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THE

# WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT LETTERS

## THE MYSTIC ROAD

BOOK ONE

CONTAINING THE FIRST NINETEEN
RECONSTRUCTION LETTERS

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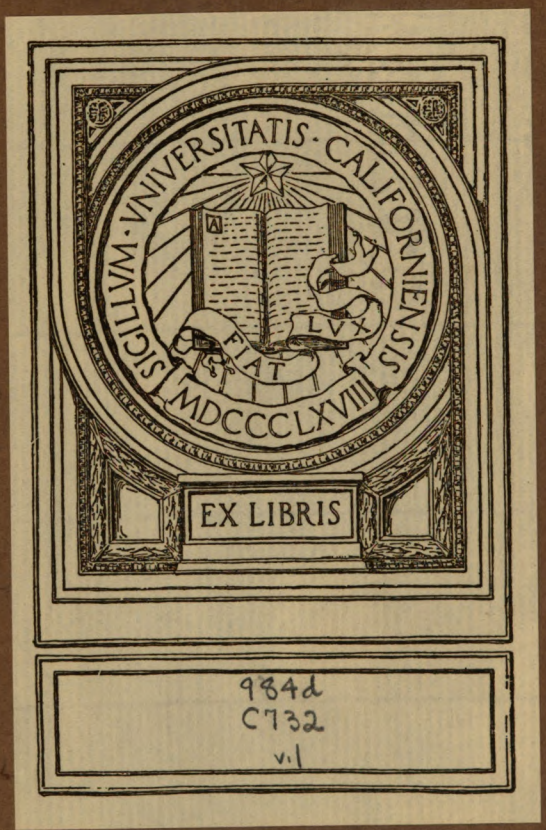


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*From*

*never less than now*

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# The Will Levington Comfort Letters

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BOOK ONE

Containing the first
Nineteen Letters

called

## The Mystic Road

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
4993 PASADENA AVENUE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA

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TO THE

COMRADES

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# FIRST LETTER*

## *1*

FOR a long time I have wanted to be in closer touch with a number of people who really belong to me and I to them.

In the last three or four years I have written ten thousand typewritten pages of letters (about twenty big novels), and the wonder of letters has continually grown because I have written to those whom I love; the people who set me free. By the word *love* here, I do not mean the sentiment, or mere human emotion. I mean one of the drives of Being. We all have our own people. They set us free. The larger we are, the bigger the tribe.

Many times as I would write to some of the boys or girls connected with the Stonestudy work on Lake Erie, I found myself wishing that others of the group, or all of the group, could get the same message. Frequently I had two or three carbon copies of a certain letter made, though always at the time there were others whom I wished could get the same thing. When I considered increasing the number of copies, my eye would frequently turn to a little address book which contained some of the names of those who had written in about the Comfort novels and essays during the last ten years.

Again and again in such letters, from those whom the world would call strangers, I found something of an identical vibration; as if my work in American letters was merely a call or summons to which a particular

*This has been called the Opening Letter.



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group of people answered. Many times I have thought that we are gathered together in this place, the same as the stars are grouped in the heavens; that one sun is related to all the others, but related more intimately to the suns of its particular constellation. To the large lump of humankind my particular call was as unheard, as if it were above or below the human register. It is so now, although I have learned through the years to fill a story or novel form for the American market at large. The idea of starting a paper or magazine was out of the question, but the Letter idea haunted me until the conception came through in its present form.

To follow the bent of my nature, it has been necessary more and more up the years, to become a circulating and unifying principle in the midst of others. I carry papers among you. What one can do for another, is the best way to serve himself. What one can do for another is so important to his own peace and growth that it would be a shame to take it, if he did it just for that. . .

We should belong to one another better in the Long Road sense, in the sense of the real meaning of the word Comrade. The plan is to send you a letter every little while. There is but one theme. The word Regeneration tells it as well as any single word can.

These Letters are to be adventures in the "Soul's slow disentanglement"—a running narrative of events on the Journey Home. . . . I write as I go. In the books of the last ten years, to put it bluntly, I have made intense studies of my own spiritual progress. Many times I have been far astray; many things that formerly were important are not so now; many taints and false

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teachings are here and there through my written word; and yet, because I was always trying to do the same thing, there is a continuity of development running straight through all the books and stories. Many people still find something they need in the earlier work, where they would fail to get light from the Letters I am to do for you. Of course the real Comfort stories and messages are still to come forth.

The development of the spiritual nature; the rendering of the natural to it; the mysticism which masters materials first; the life that lifts constantly toward the mystical, yet inclines to man's present predicament; studies in meditation; paragraphs from the Road; the deep and holy intimations from the fragmentary life here in the world; better ways of being for men and women; and, as much as anything else, the meaning of men and women together—these are affairs for my writing to you. For it is all Romance, a love-story all the way. The best love of man and woman here so far is just a beginning; at best, a hint of what Love means in the harmonic condition. All is meeting and separation in our present state—a painful play back and forth between integration and diffusion—but some of us are called to remember, even here, the big Love story of the Universe, and to hasten up out of the Gulf, calling to others as we run.

All that you have done and all that I have done is preparation. These are *Days*. If we were suddenly dropped from the lightness of the summer of '14 into the present density which most of us have learned to tolerate and work through, the shock would slay. These are days for us to come into the rulership of our

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own kingdom. To do that we must change headquarters; literally, transfer the office of consciousness from the mind to the Soul. . . . The Letters should unify us as a company of comrades, and do for our day-minds something of the same thing that takes place in our higher and freer consciousness when the avoirdupois is asleep. Many details will clear later as the work unfolds. There is plenty of time. The larger part of these finer affairs is already consummated outside of time and space. There is no higher wish from me, nor any higher good for all of us, than that you may soon find Yourselves.

*2*

Romance—a love story all the way! We yearn to *feel-with,* to use the higher dimensions of that force which we call love here and have found to be the greatest thing in the world—to know what *Love* means at the last! That is what we are about. No door is open to the man who doesn't love something. No energy at work or awake in him is strong enough to lift him above the common, unless he loves. The one who makes him feel most is his greatest benefactor. He cannot begin to make master-feelings out of mere man-feelings until his feelings, such as they are, are fully roused. These feelings form the energy with which he begins transmutation.

*3*

We have all been so far wrong that to do the opposite is not right; I mean, the reverse is only reaction. One must lift to a new eminence entirely; become a new creature, with a new mind, a child's fresh manner of approach, more and more listening within; at least, an

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impact within for each thought seeking entrance from without. . . . There comes a time when all leaning, clinging and emotional drive must cease from without. Only for a period, but when it is over, the heavy lower balance of desire has become transmuted into spiritual activity, working with body and mind. In other words, the outer is beginning to be coördinated with the inner; the mind with the Spirit.

This coördination cannot become operative until one has stilled the lower craving, yet the lower craving is the energy by which we attain the higher. In fact, it is all the same thing—only refracted by different pressures, working in different vibrations. Watch the play of mystery. We learn to despise first the very power by which we are to be saved. The energy of generation is the same as that by which we are regenerated—birth within and above, instead of downward and outward.

In the building of Solomon's temple, which is an occult version of the Great Work, all the builders and artisans and decorators were called to a feast by the Master Builder. An empty seat at the table roused comment. The Master smiled at the door as a huge black-smeared smith entered and took his place at the table. The delicate ones were inclined to sniff and draw away until the Master explained that this was Vulcan who had made all their tools. Without him at work far below nothing had been done; his were the fires at the foundation. . . .

I was thinking this morning of a man who had an army of foot soldiers and needed cavalry. (Just another way to suggest the story of regeneration.) The

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wild horses were in the hills outside of camp, but they had to come to a certain place one by one to drink. The leader arranged to rope them as they came, and in due time had his army astride—an altogether new dimension of service. The wild horses of course represent our thoughts of desire, yearning, longing, passion. To repress is only half; there is no replenishment in repression. Of course, one has decided that wild horses shall not roam at will over the hills as they once did; and repression is important at first, since they must be corralled, even at great untidiness and expense. But the real thing is afterward — that they must be *used*. . . . As each thought or desire enters the mind it must be caught and changed—transmuted, the energy not destroyed or wasted, but gently, by the leader of the workers within (the Master Builder), caught and harnessed, lifted to higher service.

The love-thing in every dimension is creative.

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## SECOND LETTER*

*1*

THERE is an out-breath as well as an in-breath in meditation. We must awaken an awareness within before any realization can appear to us from without. . . . I have been in touch with boys of ten and twelve years who use the Silence. They emerge better gamesters, better workers, better players. They will tell you that the other half of finding one's Self is the perfecting of one's contacts with the world; that the other half of Silence is Action.

As a matter of fact, if your quest within does not perfect your external relations; if it does not make your hand unerring, the tone of your voice richer, your presence more endearing; if it does not empower you with patience and genius for the hardest of your human tasks and trials, you are following a lateral which must be retraced. If the quest of Yourself does not reveal to you the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, you are being woven deeper in meshes of the lower self, and can only be liberated through processes of pain.

Your quest within is to find the Flame of Enlightenment. By the path of your approach, this Flame must flash forth to the world. To emerge from association with the immortal You, and then permit anger or resentment to return to your mind, because of the lowered vibrations of material life, is to miss the central point of the whole effort—that the Flame is also in all life and creatures outside; the beauty of the grass and the

*Called the Silence and Action Letter.



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herds; of star and bee and crystal; most radiantly of all in the hearts of men.

The time comes in the inner quest when you enter a Light which you must carry forth in action, if you would find the Immortal in other men. . . . Those human beings, sometimes nearest, those hardest to endure, are especially important for you, since they enable you to become your own master. In perfecting your relation to them, you overcome the self. Every conquest of hatred and irritation for others, liberates the expression of the Spirit even in these bodies of flesh. . . . There is no mistake in your house or at your table; no mistake up or down the world or town. The ones nearest are your saviours. In overcoming yourself to deal greatly with all of these, you come into authority over your own cosmos, and perceive that the Flame enthroned deep within is Yourself.

I do not care to entertain you in these letters. I have little interest just now in your idea of my offering as an artist, but I have an eager energy to touch the real Comrade within you, for I have an Immortal Friend there, one who would die for me every day.

In real moments, I see in you, one as much me as myself. Do you think They have lied to us all these ages—and that we are not as one in the ultimate plan? You have heard this a thousand, thousand ways, yet the instant you Know it, you will never speak of service again as sacrifice. You will see that the Universe is literally One Song; that you cannot do anything to quicken that Self in another without casting out fear and fulfilling the law in your own being. . . . Carry on this thought to the Avatars and see Them vowing to

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be with us always, vowing to stand at the gate until the last being passes through.

They know what they are about.

We liberate the love in ourselves by turning to the great heart of humanity without. . . . We talk much of Unity, yet how long have we failed to realize that when one works for Unity, he works for Self.

*2*

The world needs to know that a great love story is the story of an initiation. . . . Who has not looked back at early harsh lessons, when as lovers, we taught each other life through pain; when any inequality was torture. Those were days of the final and terrible arousing of fear, anger, desire, jealousy. That which tortured us in the others was but the shadow of ourselves. Afterward, we learned that we had only to correct ourselves. As soon as we had made ourselves luminous, the beauty of those we turned to was utterly clear again. . . .

A most revealing thought is that the ones we greatly love are in a way, our true Selves externalized.

When we cannot yet learn our lessons from within or hear the Voice of the Silence, our outpouring of love opens our hearts to messages from without. The Self overshadows the loved one and speaks to our minds which have not yet learned to sit at the feet of their true Masters. Thus until we are one with Ourselves, through devotion and living the life, we must receive our culture through externalizations.

We love ourselves in each other first; and become maddened at inequalities which keep us apart. Earth lovers re-establish an immortal relation by being the

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means through which each finds his own Soul. . . . It is so wonderful. We love ourselves in others first —hate ourselves in others; we accomplish our own coördination by preparing ourselves to abide with others; we correct our own evils by finding their shadows dark upon the passerby, whom we presently cease to abhor.

It sums up that to hate anything is to confess that we have its correspondence in ourselves. To love anything is to reveal our vision of the Order and the Plan. We love everything we understand. The very power of our love reveals the extent of our union with Ourselves, the order of our own cosmos.

*3*

Power and its handling by man is everywhere full of secrets. I remember the old cable systems for the street railway—power from below; and the trolley-system—power from above. World traffic has known the push and pull also—all manner of energies from without. None of these vehicles arose from the ground. In fact, they leaned upon the ground so heavily that they had to have steel rails to take the burden. The generation of power and answering play of action had to be combined in one vehicle, before a free movement among the streets and roads was possible. The automobile moves anywhere the roads run, even bounds a bit on rubber. Finally it looms with a laugh that we had to put together perfectly in one box, the power and and its means of production before we could leave the ground. No cable or trolley for an airplane.

It is so in attaining our own wings of intuition and regeneration. Man must cease at last to look for

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power from without. He must turn within, achieving union with the latent part of Himself for the higher productions. It is the beginning of this union within that makes the artist; its nearer fruition that results in the no uncertain voice of the prophet; its consummation which renders one Self-conscious, even in the body and mind.

A new meaning came to me to-day, regarding the old incandescent lamps with the carbon sticks. I remember watching the lamp-man come to our street when I was a boy. He would take out the old carbons and make the burners ready for the long service through the night. Often the lamps hissed and sputtered for a time, before the incandescence was perfect.

It seemed to-day a good picture of the work together of Spirit and matter in incarnation. Out of the earth the lower comes, fashioned of Mother Earth herself—trimmed and made ready at last. The Soul for ages has been bending down for this meeting. At the moment of contact (watch the inevitable third at every union), the current charges through and there is light —Incandescence. It is interesting at least as a picture of what takes place in the human breast; the union of mind and Soul giving re-birth to Memory and the consciousness of the Long Road. . . . Again the story is told in occultism in the flashing of light between the pineal gland and the pituitary body, completing the transaction said to make of man henceforth one of the Illuminati.

*4*

The Great Work is a change in the polarities of the body. Generation signifies the forth-going—the

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breaking up of one into many. To divide the Self is pain. . . . The Prodigal ceases at last to give himself to the ground. He arises for the return journey. That which he holds in his hands he finds to be husks. Vaguely he sets about calling home his squandered realities—wasted forces scattered among the many. As each lost pearl is found, his step quickens. Since nothing truly one's own can be lost forever, his treasures are restored on the way. He begins to nourish his beauty and holiness with the powers that formerly were dissipated in the realms of change and death.

Starting out from the Father's House, he lost his masters, his brothers and friends. On the return journey, the enemies lose themselves into friends again. The friends change into Comrades and Masters. Often the divided part of himself resumes *her* place at his side, and the journey is quickened to the Father's House.

*5*

Even the earth love is a way to the Way, but in the midst of human weakness, separation becomes as necessary to begin upon Romance, as being together. Two given to each other without reservation cannot seem to love enough to go on and on. Earth-loves of quality have been built upon much pain of yearning. I looked over the world of divided hearts to-day—lovers everywhere, with a continent or the labors of Hercules, standing between them. For two especially who seem dying for each other and who are almost ready to take up the great transmutation together, I made a prayer, as if from their own lips:

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Oh, Father, thy blessing.

We are apart to learn the way together—the way to love and blessedness in each other's hearts, that symbolizes the love and blessedness at home with Thee.

We are apart learning the way to the holiness of union together, that we may arise and ascend to union with Thee.

We are apart to make beautiful the plan of earth-dwelling, that we may regain the Holy City as one.

Our Father, we have been lost in our agonies and transports, in the magic of meeting and possession, in the survey of our separateness and the lions in our way, in the terror and turmoil of memory of younger meetings and matings in the youth of time.

Through these pains and thirsts of the human, we have received intimations of the harmonic; while treading the mazes of earth apart, the heavens have opened for us to perceive the glory of Thy Plan as one.

Alone we labor and aspire to form Together, in the fullness of days, One Cup, a Wide Cup, upturned for Thy Fulfillments.

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## THIRD LETTER*

### *1*

THE lover all the way. We learn to love the many only after furious focalizations upon one. The secret of all days at last appears—that we belong to all. It is hard to learn—that in all our divided loves, it is ourselves which we follow after. We build our thought in the other's mind, our ideal of beauty about their faces and hands; we behold our own comings and goings in their eyes; read our own law in their words. We fancy that some one outside ourselves has everything we need, because he moves in a magic cloud of our desire.

The first meagre law of love is in possession; in the mirror of others we delight to reproduce ourselves. We love ourselves in our children; we associate with others of our creed who strengthen our own opinions; back to back with such, we wage war upon all that is foreign and hostile. In this period of the meagre love, man marries a woman and seeks to implant death in all those whims and impulses of hers which are unlike himself, missing the fact that it is because she cannot be like himself altogether, that he really is called to yoke with her for the increase of the tribe and the economy of his house.

Our capacity for love at last out-grows the family, the street, the town and nation; our workmanship is manifestly improved by association with other's productions; our cult embraces others until it is perceived

*Called the Union of Opposites Letter.



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that all religions tell one story. Then it dawns upon us that there is a world consciousness quite as well as a domestic one; that there is a cosmic and universal consciousness beyond the planetary. . . .

By this time the truth clears that there are centers within, which, unfolding, set us free in the larger loves and correspondences. These centers awaken in an evolving man quite like the faculties of a child at different periods of growth. In due course our more thrilling interests come from the Unseen.

At this time we begin to realize what Blackwood means by the expression *feeling-with*. Love means to be *en rapport*. To understand is to love; therefore to love, we must be alive within. We cannot love that for which we have no inner correspondences; therefore with each love, above and beyond, we awaken a corresponding potentiality within.

On and on. The loves of the World-man reverse the loves of the self-man. The latter adores himself in his possessions, in his mate and children, church, street, nation, expanding his correspondences within, one by one, to include larger dominance and crueler force of personality, devouring all he comes in contact with; all life to him a seizure, an intaking, a process of assimilation. . . .

In the larger consciousness the one unfolding perceives that what is good for his street is good for the entire neighborhood; what he does for the neighbor redounds to his own good; his performance of service for his city becomes a benefit to other cities, the vital activity of his benevolence never ceasing. The next step is to perceive the world a globe, the continents inter-

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related and inter-dependent as the organs of the body. In fact, the magic of democracy begins to unfold. The reward is so instant and excellent for one's gifts to others that he dare not think of it, lest he break the spell by watching for reward.

The value of woman is that she is unlike man. Her glory is ruined by the man who tries to possess her and make her like himself. It is only when he sets her free that she comes to him gladly with effulgence in her eyes. In fact, it is only the free woman who can give herself. In all their fighting alone and apart—man and woman, Catholic and Protestant, Occident and Orient, mystic and occultist, east and west, have gathered together great treasures and powers, each for the completion of the other.

. . . The New Race sees the globe in one piece, night and day as parts of the same earth. They unify the quests of the heart and the mind. Plato and Aristotle are not forever incompatibles, any more than Baptist and Presbyterian, in the weaving tolerance of the New. The doctrines of integration and diffusion are shown to be the systole and diastole of a single organic process; the journey to the center of the heart and to the kingdom of the Father but a single Path—the innermost and uppermost one.

At last, a kernel of truth breaks open—that we can only correlate perfectly with the opposite; that we are richer for union with that which has come by a different path; that we may only dare adore that which we have not yet manifested.

The subject is most fascinating. It unifies the whole being, the whole plan. . . . Look back at your life

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and see how you have learned the amplitude of yourself by perceiving external wonders first. You sought health outside, before you learned that the source of all order and rhythm within must be drawn upon, before the body ever rights itself. Possessions of the earth formed your quest for ages until you realized at last the hollowness of all that, and turned within to seek the kingdom of heaven, before the wealth of materials could ever be other than a torment. You looked for love outside—leaned and clung and cried—but always it was taken away, until you awakened its correspondence within.

You had to awaken the power of understanding, of feeling-with, before the mated heart appeared in the world. You had to awaken the Master in your own Soul before you could hear his sandals upon the hills. Everywhere we associate with those of kindred vibration.

The potentialities within our breasts are awakened one by one by the outer manifests. The kingdom *is* without as well as within—health, wealth, the mate, the master, are without as well as within—but observe the mystery: After the outer has aroused us to the quest of the within, there is a period in which we must resist the outer magnetism, if the search for the inner be completed. Jesus left his disciples in order that they prepare for the Comforter within. It is so literally in our worship. We must cease adoration for the Jesus of Nazareth in order to realize the Christ in the world to-day.

But here are glad tidings: The instant that the transaction is completed within, the outer correspondence

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resumes its perfect place. Health to the overcomer, wealth to him who has learned to give and not to seize, the mate and the Master to him who has ceased to reflect, and has become incandescent.

For ages we have rushed to one or the other—forgetting the Father's House in the tawdry seductions of the world, or forgetting the world in the ecstasy of our contemplations of heaven. To-day on the two sides of our world are vividly exampled the specialists in these two laterals. The East forgot matter in the search after God; the West turned to matter and forgot Spirit. But now the New Race on either side is a product of the mating of the East and West, and in its quest for the highest, Silence and Action are blended, the realization of the Immortal in humanity as well as the Immortal within. The New Race does not forget the mate without, because the inner union of mind and Soul multiplies the dynamics of the life; in fact, the New Race realizes that it is through the pain of love in the outer romance that latent Being is awakened—pain becoming power, the inner and the outer becoming one. . . . And so with all the other quests. The inner Self awakens us with pictures and object-lessons in the world before He can reveal Himself to us from his own Temple Within.

*2*

Do not be impatient. You shall have the chance to serve. All artists and artisans of the New Race shall be called. Be prepared. Fear nothing, hate none, love all. . . . To one who uses merely the optic nerve to watch events, it would appear just now that the great

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world disease is passing.* The fact is it is only turning within. The soldiers represent the surface tissue. The myriads at home belong to the same human body and the Tree of Life is being shaken.

These are not days for lamentations. I would bring very few dark thoughts to the point of utterance—not one for the mere sake of expression. *But* recall this: All wars are in the heart of man first. The heart of man must be changed. Until the hatreds cease we have not reached the downward arc of world disaster; even though the peace of the nations be outwardly manifested. . . . I ask you to note that there is more hatred at home now than in the trenches. Remember that hate comes back to the hater. Remember that fear is the nest of disease. Remember that humanity is one.

If you are sensitive enough ever to have felt the poison of your own anger, you will know the bitterness ahead for people and nations who must assimilate and transmute drop by drop the black brew of hatred now pouring out of the human heart. Hate comes back to the hater. Already you see the disease turning in.

Many have written that they have not found their part. Fear not. There is much to do. . . . Do you hate anything? Do you fear anything? You are not quite ready, if you do. You are not sanitary. . . . Do you not see yet that everything is to be changed? Do you not know what it means for the Tree of Life to be shaken? Do you not know even yet what wars are for, what revolutions are for, and that soldiers and revolutionists are mere pawns of the Great Game?

*This letter was dated November 6, 1918, and written a week before that. The armistice was effected November 11.

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Study disease in your own bodies. One must learn what it means to be clean, before he can be well. First we washed for other people; later because we had to live with ourselves. First we washed our hands and faces, then our bodies, then our bodies within as well as without; then we began to get down to business and wash our thoughts. . . . Be prepared. Fear is slime. Hatred is acid. . . . You are not ready to serve greatly, until you are clean. In fact, you will not stay on the Tree of Life, for fear and hatred means rottenness at the stem. Be prepared. Fear nothing, hate no one, love all.

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## FOURTH LETTER*

### *1*

IN ages past we have taken our religions *en masse,* fought and died for great racial beliefs. None of these will do to-day. The New Race opens a new dispensation. Its teachers and leaders less and less can afford to accept literally the old gospels. One finds the mate or master one sets out after. One can find the Master in his own Soul if he looks there, or in the Himalayas if he thinks so. The Plan is big enough to answer every conception on its up slopes. The point is, one must be careful what one sets out to find *with personal faculties*—because he will find it, and it dies slowly at times.

Millions of souls are worshipping with satisfaction in different ways. To us, none of these ways will do, but that does not detract from the conviction that all roads lead somewhere; all experiences adapted for the progress of souls, all visitations accurately designed for the stroke of the hour. When I see great groups of people building their gods from the emotional planes and worshipping personalities, I need only glance back to my own experience to know that the bitterness of even that, is fruitful. If you look hard enough at any star or any face or shrine, the divinity will unfold for you, but all is self-seeking and delay in lateral paths, except the quest to make the inner and the outer one.

Now it is the flintiest kind of common sense, that you cannot seek to Know Thyself, with your mind filled

*Called the Letter of the Inimitable Self.



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with pre-conceived opinions. To enter the House of the Lover, the lower door must be free and unobstructed, the denizens of the lower floor asleep.

Giving one's outer self over to the inner, one becomes the Self in truth, utterly, yet harmoniously individual. His utterance thereafter is the breath and aura of him. It is never twisted for expediency or deformed with personal desire. Having made his surrender, man is simple like the animals who give themselves perfectly to the natural forces and are never out of order. It is only in the consciousness of the lower self that man is discordant and astray.

One coming into the cosmic simplicity of coördination, becomes a perfect instrument for earth work. Thus alone can he achieve the supreme artistry, for that which he writes or paints or plays is not only free from self-craving, the first test of reality in any art product; but it interprets the great game of life from the original folios of the Plan. Becoming a channel for inner beauty and revelation, the artist no longer is lost in detachment, nor in the passage of externals. His expression is Himself and therefore inimitable. It is of his own body, so to speak, as the web of the spider and the honey of the bee.

*2*

Significant meanings of life alternate from one to the other. I learn to listen intently when anyone speaks. I find mysteries in the call of a neighbor in the evening—sometimes my own Self trying to get a message down to the wilful obstructing mind. I have seen myself less than the dust in all that I once fancied. I have been incredibly naive, I smile to think of how,

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not so long ago, I detailed to others how to conduct their lives. There have been many days since in which I have been indecently lost myself, asking the way of children and speaking only of my dilemmas. These are staring things.

*3*

The world-way of doing or conducting is not right, but we come to realize that the opposite is not the true way. To be opposite in anything, is still to be partisan. We must lift to an altogether new level of vision between the two opposites—between and above. If joy and pain and night and day are opposites of the same thing, then past and future are equally opposites and illusory. If it be waste and misery to look back, to destroy ourselves over something that has been done, after the lesson of it has been extracted, it is just as fatal to look to the future, which is but the other half of the same circle. One who builds for the future is casting another lateral and being hoaxed once more by the appearances of the objective plane. The steadfast facing of the future by the bravest of us, is but a reaction from our former tiresome remorses and regrets and kindred sentimentalities of the backward look.

. . . The Eternal Now does not stand between the pairs of opposites, but between and above. It transcends the past and future—between, but also above. We must surmount time and space to overcome all opposites. There is no past and future, in the sense we know it here, no together and apart, in that mind which has achieved union with the Soul.

To achieve this union, the mind must give itself to the Soul—the lesser rising to the greater. The mind

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must let go the clutch of all its opinions, because the mind's dimension is temporal and its opinions partisan at best. The persistent holding to an opinion is proof of its imperfection, its tendency to slip. To hold to an opinion is to paste the name of a town upon a train that is passing along.

*4*

Joseph and Mary, who are spoken of mystically as the mind and Soul, can only find their true union, which is the achievement of the cosmic consciousness, above the play of world effects and involvings. Mary sings her song. The Spirit of the Lord appears unto her from above, while nearby below is Joseph at his labor. . . . Blest above women, she has known the great wound of the breast—that flash of lightning across the clouds of the Soul which is like a summons Home. She runs to bring the man to her, to whisper in his ear the glory of her maternity.

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## FIFTH LETTER*

### *1*

WE dare draw a little closer this time. Every day in relation to you, I ask not to obstruct the greater with the lesser self. The insinuations of personality are very subtle and potent. I ask for freedom, and it is coming, but there is a breathlessness about it, an exhilaration, like the strain of high altitudes. We can girdle the planet with Comrades, but only as we set our own Souls free from the sharply bounded and isolated province of our minds.

I do not belittle mind or flesh. We must make them infinitely flexible and finished and beautiful, but after we have passed the preliminaries of life, this perfecting work can only be carried on from a larger consciousness than mind alone. The mind must become the agent of this larger consciousness for its own higher development.

And the body—it is the chamber of the Soul's initiatory ordeals. I am last to make light of that. Of its beauty our New Race of Weavers and Potters and Singers and Pattern-Makers must be born; of its loftier perfecting beauty must be born within the heart of each of us the brave purpose of Regeneration. But we can only use the body in its higher functions; in fact, we can only give the body the reverence it calls, as we come to know it. To know the body, one must transcend it. The man in the upper window, not the man who marches, sees the parade.

*Called the Letter of Comrades.



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The point is, to reach this higher vantage, one must leave the parade-level—must leave the warmth of the many and the bracing sanction of the thought-forms which inevitably overshadow the crowd. One must make the passage alone from the street to the upper window, from the mind to the Soul,—painful and dreary and sometimes long, but never so intolerable as to remain below. One needs only a whisper from within to go on and on. . . . The man in the upper window sees more than the parade. He laughs to find how queer he looked down there, and all others in relation to him.

The time comes when the temporal and the material so inevitably betray that we expect nothing of them; the time comes when such love as we have in our hearts no longer dares hurl itself outward upon a creature destined to pass in ten or seventy years. Our love demands eternity. The increase of our love, forces us to break out of the old into the new, like every winged creature from its tightly-woven sheaths of last year—always the love story leads to wings. Be sure that your lover of flesh will look no less to you, when you see the Immortal in him from the supernal vantage of the Soul. Be sure that his inimitable attraction will prove no less, because you see the sons of God in the eyes of *all* passing men. Be sure that life will not be less radiant, when you break out of the thrall of the emotions and take his hand for the Dance of the New Era in the throng of—all the Comrades.

The higher cannot be reached without a willingness to abandon the lower, but reaching the higher the lower is invariably included. One gives up his life to save

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it. One gives up the love which is desire-for-one, to achieve the spiritual love for many, which in itself includes an altogether new dimension of romance with the one.

*2*

We shall establish a great circle of Comrades who have no art and no religion other than to bring enduring love to one another and to the world—Comrades whose human hearts have been quickened and sensitized by the sorrows and separations and idolatries of the flesh. To those who have suffered enough, the Soul stands smiling above to whisper: "I am closer. I have waited long. Have faith. Love more, not less. Love more loftily, and pain will fall away. Give more, not less. Determine nothing, stipulate nothing; be braver, more tender; make love out of desire; make tenderness and reverence out of passion. . . . Soon you shall know."

The Soul brings freedom. It knows no clinging, no crying out, no love that does not set us free. We had to know the pain and beauty of the human heart to become pioneers of this band of artists and worshippers and lovers of the days to come. We must laugh at our own pain now—must belong to divided lovers everywhere. We had to have our wars, our soldier-last-words, our agonies of rushing apart on bridal eves. Because we know, we can take the New Age to our breasts. We are dearer to each other the more we give ourselves to those whose faces turn gray in sorrow, whose hearts know the travail of humbler romance.

The love that we shall know opens the casements of the Spirit and looks out upon the stars and archipela-

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goes; it perceives the contours of the worlds and the purple deeps between the suns. Like the love of Kabir, it means God to the Seeker and the adored hand and lips to the beloved here. . . . Once more, it is earth-love redeemed. This is the great romantic tale of the New Race. From time to time, the questers shall arise out of generation, while it is yet high noon. With these, earth-love has become beautiful, the artist's creativeness upon all its ways, the chastity of adoration upon all its arts, the sacred touch of one ideal, its sole and forever quickening. . . . These questers shall teach a chastity the monks never dreamed of, and the holy matings of earth for the younger hearts—not the death of passion, but its lifting, with all its native springs of power.

*3*

A man who owned a great district sent one of his sons to a distant part of the bottom-lands, saying:

"By the difficulty of your task, you may measure my love for you."

The task was to work out a great drainage plan—to put into circulation an extended swamp that hitherto had slowed up and soured the whole territory. The young man journeyed afar to the bog. Apparently this was his life-work that he found—a lowland pestilential with the cold sweat of sick earth. He laughed:

"My father must have loved me very much—"

On the borders of the swamp lived a sullen people with whom he made slow progress in friendliness. They were accustomed to swamp levels, tolerated to poison vapors, suspicious of any one coming from a hill country. Work, too, progressed very slowly. The

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young man built himself a cabin, and in days that followed, toiled so hard he forgot he had any home other than the swamp. One day he caught up a young vine and planted it at the edge of his cabin. It grew and covered the place before there was any appreciable portion of the task accomplished. Finally, like the swamp people, he became immune to all fevers and miasmas. He gave himself utterly and forgot about it—altogether lost in the task of moving to purity a vast pool of sullen death.

. . . At last when it was ready, he opened the drain. It was like a singing host running down from the far hills to him. Lower and lower the vile water sank into the ditches. All the soil breathed and the lowlands took on the different look of living land. Then came the moment of an altogether new breath in the air.

The young man stood in his cabin door and wondered. The ditches were running by him—running clean! Something in the air was a haunting, glorious memory—pure water coming down from the hills! His hand brushed his forehead queerly. At last he understood the strangeness in the air—the sweet breath of his own boyhood again! The purity that he had not known for so long was the reminder of his own country. The ditches flowed silently by, perfect channels. . . . The young man remembered, laughed. . . . And the swamp men and women were singing and dancing around him like his own people!

. . . There is an occult revelation that we live in the slums of the universe; that a cluster of solar systems in the general vicinity of Polaris, including our own,

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is the Submerged Tenth of creation, called the Gulf. Our solar system is said to be one of the blackest sections of this disordered abyss of space; and our planet, with one possible exception, the worst off of all. To judge by our own present affairs, we are passing through the most malignant conditions La Terre has ever known. How the Overlord must have loved us!

The whole Gulf is said to be out of harmony; certain sun-paths elliptical instead of circular, all minor arrangements wrong accordingly. . . . Each Comrade has been sent out with sealed orders, having to do with the Great Plan to redeem the Gulf. All is preparation for us until we break the seals. Our orders "sleep in the mineral, awake in the vegetable, run in the animal," and rise to gradual realization, as the spine of the mammal lifts to man.

There *is* that within the Soul which has never forgotten the Father's House, but the mind and body seem to require every shock and threat of ruin before their final surrender to the one single stable, central point of each life. The outer must render itself to the inner, and measure up to it on its own plane, before the work is done in the drain lands, before we can come up out of the Gulf.

By the difficulty of his task is the love of the Father measured. Who, then, would not be a drainman?

Every Comrade to his particular part—the task that shall set him free, that shall make the kingdom of Heaven come true on earth, that shall bring harmony to the Gulf, and to earth people at last, brotherhood in the true Fatherland. . . . The hour shall strike to many Comrades in this life—utterance from the

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Voice of the Silence, the seals broken at last. Each shall go forth, forgetting all but the Task until the labor is finished and the breath of the sweetened air arouses the soul to the memories of the Father's House.

Each from the end of his Task shall look up and around, beholding a marvel. His eyes in that instant shall be glorified. He shall see brothers in all strangers then—great Weavers in disguise, great Potters and Shepherds, Architects, Messengers, Builders, Poets and Scavengers—all bent with their Tasks, all burned with their arduous preparation, all lost in the complication of perfecting equipment, but fellow-sons of the King, Masters alike in disguise, brothers all of the True Country.

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## SIXTH LETTER

*1**

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1918. . . . It becomes actual pain, at length, to move entirely in the orbit of fixed ideas. There is no getting away from earth-limitation when one thinks he is right about anything. I repeat—at the very best, we are only less wrong all the time. We cannot see Truth in our present stature. What is still more important, we cannot come into the interior and higher glimpses of Truth without breaking down the forms in which it now exists in our own minds. To say, "This is so," blocks the still higher revelation.

Something that fills us utterly is truth to us for the time, but so long as we bind and weave ourselves into it, we are proof against higher concepts. As we enter new and mysterious dimensions of growth, we feel the pain of growing out of our old convictions. The tough shells of old thought-forms are pinching and distressing the progress of our Spirits. In our distress we rush to blame something outside. The causes of pain are within *always*—that which we find outside only the similitude. Peace for a new era of growth descends at last, when we break open the confining walls of our own ancient dogmas.

There are new dispensations for every age. That which we call the highest truth to-day will suffer marvelous expansions and ventilations; the fate of all that is temporal and partisan. Man is yet too far from

*Called the Letter on Teaching.



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Home to see the Father face to face. . . . I was amused to find that all my old struggle in writing for the attainment of style was only diluting my pages with the stuff of death. All that had to do with the furious *me* was fashioned and tempered at most for the threescore and ten. There was a time when I wasn't satisfied with a page of copy unless it contained some idiosyncrasy, unless those who knew my work would catch the hallmark without the signature. It was but stamping *in transit* upon it. Brain dies; styles change. . . .

There is no honor like being used—to become a channel—to be used. That is the call now. To become clean enough to be used, to break down every obstructing thought of my idea how the Creator works—that He may be permitted to show me; to write nothing that does not come from Within, expressing something at least of Basic Being—to be used!

*2*

When I think of 1919—there is much to say. I should like to write a letter to you every day. . . . As a nation, we have seen our materialism triumph. In the early days of a man's addiction to wine, there comes to his face a ruddy fullness and glow, so much like health that it passes for it, to any but the visioning eye. At the same time the moral area of his nature, which lies between this mental and spiritual, is being devastated. Such a man finds it difficult to believe that he is doing wrong, because he is carried on in the warmth and lull of his desire. . . . So far America has seen her materialism triumph.

*3*

I am not a Teacher. I shall tell you if I become

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one. There was a time when I thought I was a teacher; then I dared to "start talking" as the preliminary process to answering a question. Occasionally the question was answered; other times I merely finessed. Now I tell you once more that mine is the voice of one on the Road with you. I carry papers among you. I tally with you from time to time the salients of the Path. . . . If I become a Teacher, I shall sit under a tree or in the shelter of a rock, and call to those of the passing throng who are likely to be interested in my particular interpretation, which, as a Teacher, I shall tell again and again. I shall let you know.

*4*

We have been stupid far too long. It is all our world. The crowd belongs, the war-maker belongs, the revolutionist belongs. Not one has it all. There's a fight on every ledge of the cliff for us who are still young, but we must not forget that there are Certain Old Men on Top, apparently silent, who are leaning over to watch all the separate strifes on the ledges below. They patiently study the turgidness of the masses and glance with a smile to each other upon beholding the sparkling spirit of some martyred revolutionist. . . . Humanity is one people. Externals have tricked us far too long. All men are Immortals. It is time that we penetrated the most cunning incognito.

*5*

It is only after much thinking and much putting of thoughts into action as they come, that inner folds of a truth are opened. I am thinking of the little group of boys, not yet youths, who gather here from day to day, and my desultory part in their training. I walked

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out alone this glorious morning. The sea was humming her song and the mountains lying away in the cold light. It came to me quietly how imperfect all teaching of young people has been so far—how fragmentary and flawful the work at Stonestudy had been, as well as the deadly beating thin of mere mental tissue, as it is carried on in the world's standardization of young minds, called education. . . .

Why, the children are ready. Youth is ready to hear about the perfect things, but we have not known them! We have not been ready to tell them. I knew at once, in the light of this morning, that they could understand if I could only tell them what I saw now —of the treasures lying upon and within the warming mountain-sides; of gold hidden there which is the very seed of the planet; of the salt sea which keeps the old earth sweet, and the beautiful mysteries everywhere free to man's mind, as he becomes free to himself. I had only to see these things as clear romance and essential drama in order to incorporate them into the eager, waiting minds. If I knew one thing well—if I had the perfect spirit of one thing well down and in writing-order in my mind, I could forever incorporate the replica of it in theirs. If I knew the high Himalayas, the lotus lagoons of Bombay, the tea gardens of Formosa, the rose-plantations of Kashmir—if I knew one thing well, so that its spirit and manifest were one in my mind, I could make them see it creatively.

They wouldn't bolt food, nor speak off-key, nor fall into any uncleanness, which sickness is, if they were shown what health means. They would soon overcome the maimings and congestions of their heredity, if ade-

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quately shown what health is—the excellent meanings of food and cleanliness; cleanliness of externals first, of bodies in and out, and then cleanliness of mind; of the gold and the rose and the lotus, and all the superlative blooms and fragrances to be developed in their own bodies; of the correlative wonders of the planet and the human mind, of the sun and the human Soul, of the breath-taking correspondences of the Universe with the whole glorious economy of man.

Especially, too, is there need to explain something adequate of the immortal beauty of the romantic mysteries, of matings and fusions everywhere, of the holy quest of each part for the whole; each to know that the absent part is searching as eagerly, as passionately; each to know that nothing is ever lost, that the Plan is for Joy. I have found that young boys can understand cleanliness to be necessary—the overcoming of fear and sickness and passion and anger—as necessary for the great Meetings ahead, as brush and comb and running water for social association now. All overcoming and conquest here is but a making ready of divided lovers at fountains apart.

These have been sadly spoiled affairs. We must become sanitary and wholesome, if not heroic, to begin upon setting things straight for the perfect ends of romance. All the tests of these hard days are for the building of stamina to endure the endless ascending climaxes of Joy which the future holds—the opening of treasures within through silence and self-conquest, before the treasures of the cosmos can unfold for our vision. These days are to be seen so clearly by real teachers and told so simply, as to become memorable

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revelations to fresh listening surfaces. In truth we have been cold and calloused and cloyed with ourselves. We must become not only sensitive, but sentient.

*6*

I write to you as my own people. I have lived erratically in earlier years, learning much from doing things wrong. I realize that I must make good on these things that I write, not only because they mock me otherwise, but because I cannot tell these things with power to change and quicken others, unless I bring them down from Spirit to thought and from thought to action.

I find that one must learn to use his hands and brain and voice all over again to avoid waste and pain; that one intent upon doing well all things he is called to, truly blends Silence with Action; that he is safe and superb in so doing, *en rapport* with the Law; that the magic of small things ceaselessly unfolds, much magic latent in common materials. The higher one sees, the deeper.

Above all, I am interested in living these things that they may be told authoritatively. And do you not see that your thinking these things and doing these things with me, perforates the veils between matter and Spirit where the perfect archetypes are, and that those who come after will follow the paths we have made with thought and action, because these paths are lines of least resistance?

We have listened long to the sick men, telling us how to gain health; to broken and senile men teaching regeneration. I am interested first in the demonstra-

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tion of health; in finding the fountain of youth in my own being. I dare now to say that health *is* to be found —not natural health merely, but a Spiritual health that comes of Self-conscious ordering of one's own body; a health not subject to accident or contagion. This is a strong saying. I put it down in faith of our striving together, as glad tidings among ourselves.

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## SEVENTH LETTER

*1**

HOLD hard to the two parts of meditation—inner silence and outer action. The tendency of those well started on the inner quest is to forget the outer. Meditation, as a whole, is to build the capacity to endure joy as well as pain. . . . A peculiarity which must be reckoned with is that no one can make himself ready for the splendors of the larger sphere by ignoring the needs of his immediate world. In fact, it is only by coming into active rhythm with the lower and outer that we make ourselves ready for the inner and higher. The life of aspiration teaches us in many cases to endure pain, to transmute, even to transcend pain; also it must prepare us to endure joy which can never be transcended, since joy is one of the stable forces of the universe, and we are formed to rise into beatitudes and ecstacies unimaginable. "Pain passes, joy endures."

We all yearn for a beauty which we cannot yet imagine. This is the truest intimation of a stir of life from Basic Nature. The phrase "Pursuit of Happiness," is the magic of our whole Constitution. . . . We wish to unify our centers through meditation; to become one with Ourselves. We have terrible need to do this thing, but do not forget the testing value of such focalization is to bring the inner powers to surface action; to key the outer to the eternal dynamos within.

*Called the Letter of the Practical Mystic.



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*2*

The first amazing discovery of the mystics is that the Basic Nature which awakens through overcoming and devotion, works with joy and always with ease, The Plan is for joy. Harmony is the other name for Heaven. . . . A second discovery, equally amazing, is that the quester cuts himself off from joy exactly as he seeks to draw it into himself as a separate being.

You can do no substantial work in the world to help your fellows or help yourself, without the coördination of your inner and outer powers. Remember, the artist, the poet, the inventor, or any human being who at any time has ever done anything significant or inimitable, has done so because for an instant, at least, he has coördinated his inner with his outer powers.

As for you who stay with the many outside, saying that you dare not seek silence and peace, because you are unwilling to leave the many before they, too, have found these things; you being to valorous to take something which they cannot have, listen well: There may be courage in your position, but it is blind courage. You cannot help the many until you *are* coördinated. Before that, you dwell in detachment, in the midst of broken images, and the rigidity of your attitude is egoistic, whether you like it or not. You can do no more perfect thing for your beloved many than to make yourself fit to serve them. Remember that every poem and painting and heroism you worship is the outer action of an inner spiritual impulse. You must feel the inner before you can interpret in the outer. But also remember that the seeking of the inner alone, without action, leaves you sprawled and

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ineffective; subject to doing the whole trick over, as numerous pioneers in mysticism have found through many trials.

If I cannot show you that all approach to Reality in any field which I have made so far (remote and wobbling, as you like), is the result of faint awakenings of inner life, then I shall fail in all our work together. If I cannot show you that every man who has ever lived and worked significantly, did so because of faint awakenings, at least, of his inner life, then I shall fail. If you can point to me a single memorable human achievement that did not come from such awakening, I shall fail.

The higher one rises in mysticism, rightly conducted, the clearer the world and the actual relations and interrelations of men and society become to his eyes. No judge or ruler or teacher can stand the testing-eye of a single generation without inner development to make his outer action ordinate and cohering. The reason of the great prejudice of the worldly-minded against mysticism is because so-called mystics have forgotten to tally the lower and outer with their inner and upper strivings. Fellow workmen in the literary world have told me with real affiliative impulse that I cannot carry on this inner work and magazine stories at the same time—that one or the other must go. Their criteria are not true mystics, but strivers possibly who have over-driven methods of deep-breathing or concentration; who have become unbalanced, inordinate. The higher one goes with visioning, the better he can see with the optic nerve. The higher, the deeper. The performance which is good for the Soul is good for

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the body. The awakening of the Essential consciousness is the quickening of the natural as well.

I say to you that the beginnings of joy which I know in the world today are the result of the beginnings of mystical training. The wobble and failure of much past work is because I was not taught wisely to blend the silence with the action of life. I began literary work in the same school and very little later than Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips and Jack London, who are dead. That beginning was over twenty years ago. To-day I have a health of body that I did not dream of then. I have patience in the details of craftsmanship now that I did not dream of then. Meanwhile I have done many poor things, because I failed dismally-long to balance Silence and Action, often spoiling both ends and failing in innumerable actions, because I stubbornly resisted the Real.

Real joy, real life, real health are the fruits of Enlightenment. They come to be as the result of mystical training. No world-reality arrives other than from this process of linking the natural with the Spiritual, the surface with the Essential consciousness. Mystical training teaches the mind to do its part, to sustain this larger consciousness; not only to wait in agony for an occasional impulse of genius, but to carry inspiration steadily, calmly, first through hours of chosen work, but afterward in every manifest of hand and eye and voice. Every step of the inner quest must show in the outer world; every spiritual impulse must be given forth to humanity.

The perfection of one's worldly condition is not the

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aim in itself; the achievement of Enlightenment is not the aim in itself. Each must tally the other, as cause and effect. It must be established beyond peradventure that excellent workmanship and superlative performance in little and great things of the days are possible through the development of the spiritual life, and not otherwise. The world points rightly enough in scorn to many of the mindless lambs of Hindu asceticism—pitiful results of austerity and the severing of all earth ties; but even the faquirs with equal scorn may call our attention to *worldliness* itself—the maimed, deformed, perverted, feverish multitude, at the mercy of its desires and greeds. Neither is holy; but life in equilibrium, the globing of all things, the perceiving of the night and day of all things; Action and Silence, the inner and the outer, the spiritual and the natural —this is order and beauty and serenity.

There are men who walk this planet in bodies that weigh pounds who know enough of Truth to make them seem as Masters to us, if we could understand a tithe of what they have. These men are not all on the roof of the world. We are kept from them mainly because of our death grip upon matters of self and what we *think we know.* The overcomer becomes like a little child, because as he overcomes, he perceives the great reaches of his ignorance. Thus he develops a delicacy of deportment with which to receive the words of the Teachers, and the humility of heart.

*3*

The Teaching is here; the readiness of the Teachers greater than our readiness to receive. I have sat at the feet of a living being, vast in enlightenment and

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logic and loving-kindness. I was given this privilege of association for several reasons, one of which concerns these Letters; but mainly because I had finally learned enough in forty years of making mistakes, to listen to one who dared to tell me *at once* things I didn't know. For this is the first way we keep ourselves cut off from real Teaching—by the things we think we know. Remember, at best, we are only less wrong all the time.

This incident reveals the second way: In a public talk to men, given by a real Teacher, the hearers were teased with bits of reality adjusted only enough to common knowledge to awaken the appetites of those who wanted power to work with in the world. Several came to the Teacher afterward, saying:

"I've got a suspicion you know something. I want you to tell me."

"And what do you want?"

"I want this knowledge."

"Why?"

"Because knowledge is power."

"Why do you want power?"

"To use in the world."

"What for?"

Some answered for their business or profession or for their health or longevity, even for their regeneration. In each case the answer was:

"I have nothing for you."

Clearly they were not far enough on the inner quest to know that all is for one, and one for all. Certain of these men had talked much of democracy, but had not learned its first principle; that the thing which is

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good for the one, is good for the many, and that which is good for the many is good for the one.

There is no object in accelerating one's pace out of pain and imprisonment in detached affairs, except that he give the fruits instantly, unreservedly and utterly to humanity. I say to you that one burning to make good in the world for a place in the world is still lost in the preliminaries of life. More than that, there is no possibility of one making good in world works of enduring quality, until through the beginnings of his mystical enlightenment, he perceives what is real and what is not.

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## EIGHTH LETTER*

### *1*

I HAVE set out to prove that the inner quest, far as it seems from life in America to-day, is the key to all that is great in the arts and romance, the talisman for the quest of happiness. There are the paths of the Head and the Heart. The occultist refines his intellect to the point of utmost delicacy before the perception of the larger consciousness dawns upon him. To refine the intellect, the occultist finds it necessary to begin upon the mastery of his body. Somewhat upon the ordering of his life in the flesh, depends the poise and potency of his thinking organism. He cultivates attention, memory, concentration, tensile strength of faculty, until he reaches the point when chemistry becomes alchemy, astronomy becomes astrology, physics, metaphysics. This arrival is quite as inevitable as the lift of the airplane from its wheels to its wings when a certain speed is attained.

The road of the mystic is the road of the heart. The mystic contemplates where the occultist concentrates; the mystic realizes while the occultist analyzes; the mystic turns to the innermost and uppermost and finds them one; the occultist patiently discerns his god in the outermost, in the nethermost, and makes no mistake. The first adores a star, the second scrutinizes a clod; neither is more right than the other; the greater each, the more he reveres and needs the other for being that which he is not—as man to woman. In fact,

*Called the Mystic and the Occultist Letter.



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mystic and occultist should work together like a well-mated pair, in which the man learns the secret of life from the woman's heart and tells it back to her brain.

Ours is the mystic road, and such of course, is the temper of these Letters. We read occultism, but the unfoldings of our inner life, the source of our strength to endure with serenity such days as these in the world, the grace to perform our tasks and prepare for greater tasks, now that the warrior passes and the workman comes again—for us these are from the doctrines of the heart.

You understand that meditation is the way out of the prison-house of self. All amusements and performances are to forget the self, to lose the sense of time and space, the numbing constriction of the here and now; the same is the drive of our zeal for books and plays and friends, for all rushing to and fro. The time comes when we turn screaming from the external and look within.

Release from pain comes from within; life and light and love and inspiration and heroism and mastery—all from within. It is only by a correspondence within that we can perceive and become cognizant of anything without. Our culture is a continual tallying of the within with the without. If we had not light within, we could not endure the light from without.

Man is a little cosmos, but it is only his body which is relative to the earth. Other spheres of the cosmos also have their centers within. Through the awakening and unfolding of these centers, literally, the cosmic consciousness dawns. . . .

I join with you in the great and splendid laugh of

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it all. We apprehend air, water, fire and earth, because of such our bodies are made, but with greater zest we find that we are made of star-stuffs and celestial ethers; that we are dynamic centers of wisdom, love and action. . . . The body of flesh is but the borderland of our Province. Deep within is the Sacred City; deeper still, the Square, the Palace, the Throne-room, the Throne, the King Himself. Through the inner quest we pass, step by step, until at last we are face to face with—Ourselves. Many of us are confined to the outposts of our borders. We have hardly heard that there is a Capital—much less, a King Himself.

*2*

As we awaken the centers within through the administry of meditation, we quicken our lives to greater voltage throughout. The evil intrinsic in our natures springs into being as well as the good. It is like alternate sun and rain upon prepared lands—all seeds quicken, tares as well as grain. The battle then, according to our progress, is ceaseless and furious. Pain marks the swift growth, but gives way to power. Power is the triumph of the force of levitation in our natures; it comes to be through the conquest of the pain-bringing forces, which answer only to the pull of the earth.

The more concrete a thing is, the more it is limited. The more abstract a thing is, the more it is free, but to be perfect in freedom we must establish our beginnings where materials are heaviest, matching our foundations well with the foundations of the earth—happily anchored, so to say, among and upon the rocks. This gives tone and art to our abstractions, and is one reason for life here.

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*3*

One's attitude to death often reveals the strength of his inner life. The deeper one goes in the quest within, the less desirable life here appears. We loosen our hold upon the material form as well as upon the external possessions which bind us to the world. The realization comes again and again that life in the flesh is the lowest arc of a great cycle. This arc contains the deepest darkness, the heaviest impediment, dullest coloring and most inflexible equipment. Yet mystics and occultists here joyously serve out their sentences, having learned how to live. They endure the full term of imprisonment with growing adoration for the Plan; for it is here in matter that the abutments are sunk for lovelier spiritual edifices. Length of days is accepted as a means for balancing and perfecting the higher arcs of the cycle. We crawl at midnight to wing across the vivid noons.

The mystic and occultist, on the other hand, alone perceive the dim decencies of life on the ground. Their inner windows are opened to the higher spheres, but also the five senses are made delicate and animate through spiritual quickening, so that sounds, textures, colors, tastes and fragrances are sensed to a degree incredible by those to whom the five senses mean all. It is invariably true that one must lift slightly above a plane to perceive it.

One must become intuitive to comprehend the function of intellect; one must become spiritual to perceive sensuous beauty and force; one must dwell in that sixth sense to appreciate the excellent and revelatory play of the other five; in fact, one does not develop this sixth

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sense, which is a synthesis of the others, until the five have been almost miraculously quickened. It is the same story again of the airplane reaching a certain speed on wheels before wings take the strain of the fabric and the hold of the earth lets go.

*4*

By transmutation we make of ourselves what we will. We cultivate our tastes by choosing what we wish to enjoy. We bring ourselves to relish a dull task by making a character-test of it. The pain and the danger flashes away from an enforced fast, if we make a sacrament of it; a wearisome walk may become a pilgrimage.

In fact, the very core of the meditative purpose is to get out of the detached will of self, out of the heresy of the sense of separateness, into the great moving law where inter-atomic and inter-solar are but terms of traffic of one great Plan. To return into the Holy Law, we look within. We have had our fling at managing the world. It has all come tumbling about our heads. We are sick and slack and at strife. We sit with swine and snatch our husks, before we remember the house of the Father and arise. . . . The way Home at first, is thought by thought. The time comes when we can no more permit a questionable thought to rove into our minds and take control than we would ramble in a by-way, when in a hurry to get somewhere.

Very early we learn that we are not our bodies, not our desires, not our minds; that we must manage exactly the movement and play and flow of all these. Then, step by step, the meaning of man, the little cosmos, becomes clearer; also that man must rule this microcosm. Presently we see that the cells of the

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human body are as mysterious and marvelously swung as stars and planets through the universe; that sickness is an imperfect polarity of the cellular system, local or general, a house divided against itself, out of the law, out of touch with its Throne.

*5*

We all want the same thing—the coördination of the mind with the Soul. We want for our own use down here the powers of Being. We know that every significant thing man has done has come from the Soul, not from the mind; that his inspiration for poem or song, or invention is from the Knower, not from the thinker. Actually the thing we want is to become Spiritually-minded.

You may let these words drum on your consciousness for ages, and never get the meaning of them unless you answer them spirit for spirit in the mind. They are so simple that they contain no astonishment for you; perhaps they contain disappointment because no art adheres, because they are so mystical as to have achieved clarity.

The highest mystical injunction I can give relative to attainment is this: *Tirelessly, hourly work upon the correction of your faults!* Yet you would hear this in the infant class.

Ten years ago Bucke's book on Cosmic Consciousness came into my hands. From various angles it discussed the mystery of the enlargement and cleansing of the mind to receive the Spirit. It made vast approaches to the Great Subject, reverential researches. It was something in those days even to know what the title of the book meant, as a hypothesis. To-day it is

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the very breath of the Runners—the quest, the one song, the one story of life—to make the mind beautiful enough to entertain the Spirit; to link the natural with the spiritual.

We overcome our bodies that our minds may be cleansed to receive the Guest. We expand the mind with sacred writings and the words of all teachers to accelerate its vibration. When the quickening reaches a certain point, the lowest spiritual vibration is able to touch the mind's highest, and there is union.

Always there are fruits of a true union. Poems, songs, inventions are the fruits of momentary flashes. But we wish this sustained power, this *sustained* elation. Our minds must be deepened, strengthened, sweetened to endure the steady inflow of our own spiritual powers.

It all comes back to the correction of faults as the way. A clean body is required to support the mind to the point of its great renunciation. The mind must surrender itself to the Spirit. Now see the importance of becoming simple, receptive, free from opinions and partisanship, all of which belong to the realm of chance and change; to the thinker not to the Knower. They obstruct the union of the mind with the Spirit, as does all that a man thinks he knows. When the mind gives itself over to the revelations of the essential life he no longer thinks, he Knows. Yet it is necessary to think that we do not know, in order to clear the mind for Knowing. . . . All in a sentence—the quest is to become *Spiritually minded*—and that is to become superb and inimitable.

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## NINTH LETTER*

### *1*

IF you were a checker on a board, mysteriously moved about with others from time to time; and at last after ages you were able suddenly to see the two great beings sitting on either side of the table, it might be difficult to convince you that they were not Gods.

If you were in the consciousness of sand-fleas, which is a hopping, hungry sort of consciousness, considerably confined to kelp and stranded clams; if you could not conceive orders of beings larger than sand-fleas, except through the magnetic vibrations of their decay, which to you meant the attraction of food: and suddenly your vision opened to perceive the whole sloping strand at low tide and a great meditating company of gulls and plover and tern gathered there for their quiet hour facing the sea; and presently, before your amazed eyes, one of these great creatures leisurely spread wings and lifted into still higher and more lustrous space—would it not be difficult for you to conceive immediately that there were any Gods beside or beyond such beings?

I am trying to afford a glimpse of what the Open Consciousness means. Also, in these figures I seek to impress more memorably the meaning of *Coördination.* Through Silence and Action we are seeking to coördinate the objective with the Essential Consciousness, the mind power with the Spiritual. As your way clears through the constant correction of self and loving kind-

*Called the Co-ordination Letter.



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ness toward others, the thing called *Coördination* will become a sustained quest.

Steadily we have been gathering our forces in from the great starry drift of the arts and the philosophies and the sacred writings, for the drive straight as possible to Polaris. This, in itself, expresses the idea of *Coördination.*

*2*

One becomes simple again. One does not judge another; one has no opinions; one does not use the mind to state what is and what is not; one's mind is becoming still, listening; abandoning for the present the areas of endeavor represented by world culture, one becomes a little child. This is a process in the accomplishment of *Coördination.* This is the attitude of mind which is making ready for the Voice of the Silence—or for the master from without.

Your mind must surrender itself to the Spirit. Its ways have long been exactly opposite spiritual ways —to *get* instead of to give; to fancy itself a separate thing that must fight to live and fend off others to breathe. For very long the mind has told you that it was *you*—that it was all. Now, it must dimly realize Yourself, before it can be brought, even in its highest moments, to the point of rendering itself back. There are many tantrums, many battles, even after these first dim realizations. Such are the toils of the Road.

Perhaps this clears still more what meditation is—the stilling of the mind power, the steadying of the mind power toward the Spirit—as the face of a tired desert traveler is held toward his city, after the first golden flash of its minarets. Focalization—a drive

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of the mind into the heart-center; daily a more steady and sustained offering of itself to the Real, a making straight of the path that the Spirit may come forth. . . . Since the nature of the Spiritual Being is loveliness itself, it awakens and comes forth as the mind prepares for spiritual beauty. The mystical way inspires the mind to loveliness in every expression. . . . As the lover passes, the face of the Beloved appears in the window.

This is the eager awakening of the Spirit, as the mind quickens and cleanses and glorifies to renew its primal allegiance. . . . You have seen the beauty looking out of the eyes of those souls kindled in great ministrations. The mind by rendering itself in silence and its bestowal of self in action of loving kindness, has quickened its nature to the point that its highest vibration can reach the lowest sweep of the Spirit. The two are one that instant—that is *Coördination.*

*3*

The way that is safe and the way that is fast, is the daily, hourly correction of one's own faults on the one hand, and the daily, hourly giving of oneself in devotion to the world on the other. This is mystical, but not occult. The mind delighting in arcanums will become somnolent in this sort of clarity. In fact, the mind, still caught in the great astral drift of world-culture will find stuff like this lacking pigment and perfume, but it is getting somewhere for those who care to drive straight to Polaris.

*4*

The more you know—the more you can believe. Fear, doubt, superstition and the like are matters of

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ignorance which is lack of unfoldment. As you coördinate the spiritual nature with the mind, one begins to see more than flesh in faces; more in the movements of men than crooked patterns on the floor. As the mind gives itself to the play of your greater powers—it enters a fellowship with the Self, which is of the nature of grace and loveliness and power essential.

*5*

. . . You awake one morning on an Island with all the past rubbed away. There are twenty-five other beings of your degree on this Island, and each carries on his breast a different and most mysterious figure. One is shaped like this—H; another like—O; another —S; another—A, and so on; twenty-six in all, and no duplicates.

Each feels himself complete and detached, secretly conceding that his figure is quite the most unique and attractive, doubtless freighted with deeper and finer potentialities than any other. You move about together on the Island (but distantly within), each carrying his imperishable mark, like a separate birthright. The more you center upon yourself—the grayer the sky, the more foreign the faces of others and sinister their symbols; the more drab and squat life generally.

But there is one among you—call him U—who breaks apart, unable to breathe in this ghastly haunt of self and separateness. He wanders—trying to remember something—trying to look ahead to some better day; yearning for something beyond, for some *beauty that he cannot yet imagine.* In all these hours of agony—unknowingly—*U* is doing a very potent and

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splendid thing. He is forgetting himself. . . . At last a vision came that changed the world. *U* saw himself and all the others gathered together on a plain. From the mark on each breast, a line went up to a very bright peak. Like the ribbons of a maypole it was, and they all merged into one at the Top.

But that was not all. The thing called an alphabet which was the merging together above, had a use and a meaning beyond dreams. It was the shining instrument of a great and glorious and mystical thing, called a Language; capable of expressing all thought, all wisdom, humor and loveliness; and lost so long as to be forgotten by the Islanders. More than all, *U* now saw himself and the others differently. Every movement they made together had meaning.

A went with M and I felt a marvelous thrill of meaning as he stood before them, at a little distance. M and A went with N. W and E moved apart and saw strange loveliness in each other's eyes. The ways and movements were endlessly wonderful, possibilities infinite, on and on; each with the other, each with each of the others in endless variety and beauty, not one possibly taking any value from the other for his relations to one. The ends are for your contemplation.

*6*

We are just beginning together. The way looms clearer and clearer. A great period of diffusion has ended; integration begins. It is a drive—one pointed, but we sing on the way. Liberation, we ask, from all that is less than veritable, less than equitable, less than heroic in performance. . . .

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## TENTH LETTER*

WHAT is back of this endless inner yearning of the heart? We have seen the word *affinity* fouled and violated in the streets; the calling thing which we named *platonic friendship* stripped and stigmatized. . . . Still up the ages the ceaseless yearning.

We don't go on and on dying for shadows. That which the heart cries for above all pain and passion and man-handled ethics is a real need. The most important thing in this life, in this place, (all degradation and war and paralysis and disease and depravity notwithstanding,) is the love of man and woman. It is greater than the relation of mother and child, because its ideal includes parenthood in all blessedness.

We have discovered that our romantic natures flag, at least after a short time, when we try to drive all the love energy of our being toward one. Anguish, if we persist, forces realization that such love is passional or possessive, not spiritual. There is a remote, and there is an intimate love. Experience teaches that love is still a restricted imperfect thing, if our separation from the loved one in the flesh does not bring about a corresponding spiritual *nearness*. But only a few so far have the faculties of the remote love developed. . . . Plainly, moreover, the intimate love of a passional nature that gives itself to several or many, is in a sick and paltry traffic. What is there left? The best of the world is crying out—what is there left?

. . . The whole ghastly disorder is in our concept

*Called the Man and Woman Letter.



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of sex. This is the reigning distortion of the earth. It is degraded, overdone, subject to misuse, perversion, violence, preyed upon by every evil teaching—our minds bewildered in seven separate ignorances—innocence nowhere—every tissue of social life involved, our bodies an accumulation of centers of disease and nests of desire.

The first business of the Mystic Road is the correction of this sex concept. There must be a restoration of something like equilibrium in our bodies before the mind can regain its balance. We may reform ideals in a few months, but our bodies require longer and lovelier dealing-with to overcome the evils of the ages transmitted through inheritance.

Any book or teaching which offers immediate gratification to the bodily "needs" is an abomination. We have become lower than clean-mated tiger and cobra pairs in following these same desires which have been falsely called needs. The advice of no physician or minister accustomed to deal with worldly usages can do other than lead us farther astray. Such follow man-made dictums which is to say they are desire-made. Neither literature, art, nor the professions, approach the verity we demand now. So far as I have known, after years of devotional study, the so-called Sacred Writings do not contain a clear statement of the Law.

Beauty and balance—rarely met together—are required to deal with these affairs. The old orders of renunciators accustomed to paralyze the organic functions by hatred of all that has to do with the sex-opposite; the meditative practices of associating desire with all that is hideous and shameful and corrupt, and

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thus ridding the mind of it through artificial loathing; the teaching that degrades women and takes its neophytes to the inaccessible hills for the destroying of all temperamental restlessness—none of these have any, save traditional interest, for the new social order.

Such doctrines have had their place, but have been found less than the ultimate. These elder masters and adepts who have come up through the shocking ordeals of self-mastery—up from the Lower Cities to the Plains, to the High Hills—whose austerities are the envy of the Gods, whose powers transcend the pull of the earth and the levitation of the stars—all these and not less, have yet to learn that woman is still opposite—not above, not below, but eye to eye; that she is utterly and forever man's need, because she is all that man is not.

He may hide within the inner cordon of the Peaks, in the uttermost parts of the deep—lo, if she is not already waiting for him, she will find him there. Not only in the birth of children, but no creative work on any plane, is carried on without her.

It is passing strange that no man finds her as he runs forward in desire. He is obstructed from the *real* of her by his own fierce wants. He must overcome all that meant love to him yesterday, in order to find the way to the Way which woman is for man. A delicate trail. One must not desire, yet one must not kill out desire. One must refrain from taking, yet one must not renounce. One must love more, yet increasingly restrain. No placation possible, yet love goes on and up—revealing, enthralling, liberating.

Long before one sights the higher mysteries and the gates of freedom, one perceives even in the physical

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mating a loveliness under the Law that passes the highest sustained dream of any worldly poet. But there is not a chance of reaching the place where this vista opens, until one has given himself over to the development of the inner and higher faculties.

Remember you must have receiving centers to take and use force. You cannot develop these centers in symmetry comparable with the ideal of the new social order without *loving* all the way. The Recreative forces which unfold these centers can only work their true powers as we forget ourselves. That which the Lord Christ called the Holy Spirit is a Working Force for our re-creation which becomes operative only as we render ourselves to endeavor. It is scientific that we achieve powers accordingly as we bestow ourselves.

It should be plain now that one cannot know the Recreative love while one remains in the thrall of the passional; that the passional plane must be surpassed, viewed from above, before the beauty of its pattern can be perceived. . . . There is no law of physical well-being that we have not broken as a race. We must not only cease breaking the laws, but we must restore vitality and equilibrium to the physical nature which has been disrupted by the sins of our fathers and violated by the ignorance and perversion of our own lives. The energy of regenerate desire alone cannot heal our bodies, but add to this, *clean action,* and Restoration is begun. It is only possible as we cleanse the currents of the generative impulse.

This is not only healing, but conquest. The physical is not shameful in itself. It has been shamed. We cannot awaken our spiritual faculties while we are at the

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mercy of physical habits of misuse or violence. Men and women cannot come into the reverence for each other which is a fundamental for spiritual growth together, until each is his own master. A woman has nothing to give until man sets her free. She cannot unfold her inner beauty for her lover until his eyeballs no longer burn with the red lights of desire. She might wish to, but she is locked in herself.

No matter how romantic an impetuous lover appears to himself, nor with what gay appearance of pride his tumult is received—the Spirit of woman withholds her true magic, knowing that he would do it violence. In fact man and woman have the keys for the awakening of each other's powers. . . .

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## ELEVENTH LETTER*

*1*

IF you would go apart a few minutes each day and know that this little wheeling planet is your parish; that you were sent here for a Task, which you saw far more clearly then than now; that the ordeals of these days are preparation for the Task; that the body you wear and which veils you from Others and Yourself, is the best which could be prepared for work in this place, just as the cumbersome suit of the diver is necessary for the lower pressures of the bottom of the sea; that it is just as rational for the diver to forget the sunlight of the ship's deck or the freedom that waits ashore, as for you to accept your seeming detachment, because spiritual light is seriously refracted here and the white lines which connect you with Others and the Source are obscured by the murk of the Deep. . . .

If you could see for one instant the majestic importance of this Task of yours, as it appears from the Other Side; that its importance balances between you and every living creature; that no one else can do it; that no other, *but one,* has your exact tone, your angle of vision, your texture, tint, perfume or efficacy; that you can only find liberation in recalling to mortal consciousness the terms of this Task and setting about its perfect end; that through the progress of this Task you may even find fulfillment with this *one.* . . .

If you could know as you go apart, that this little wheeling planet is but a dim speck in the Great System,

*Called the Letter on Remembering the Task.



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a small uncultivated outer plot which you are called upon, with others, to bring up into order and rhythm; that as you toil, you unfold; as this stony place answers your endeavor, the memory of the *Home* dawns and looms; that as you bring light to this place you approach your own Enlightenment. . . .

If you could know that what you do for others, you do for Self; that what you do for your own Enlightenment, you do for all; that the first way to find the Self and its Task is to turn out in sympathy and service to others; and the second to corroborate within; if you could know that you have been cut off from light and freedom, because you fancied for a time that this suit of copper and canvas and lead made for the diving into the deep was You, and that this fumbling in the ooze and shadow was all. . . .

Why, you have been holding your breath all this time. You must come up. . . . Listen, the mystery is all gone from this finding of the Self. It is merely remembering Home and your Name and your Task; that your real dominion is the Universe, not this tortured little orb. All the trouble is you have forgotten—like the wandering Younger Son before that moment of his sitting down with the swine. Listen, it is scientific:

The awakening of Basic Nature is steady Enlightenment. Its ways are opposite the ways of the world and the mind; yet It cannot rouse so long as the mind and the world hold right of way. Many of the offices of mysticism are designed to restore the detached and partisan ways of the mind to the lovely and larger ways of the Spirit—Coördination—making the outer and inner, one. . . . Your Soul is You: Sometime It shall

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whisper to your mind its own name. As the mind renders itself back into allegiance, the meaning and inimitable beauty of your Task shall appear. You are merely one among many, until you remember who you are and why you are here. Remembering Home, it is easy to stay in this Place, until your work is done, for thereafter you live more and more in the Law. To find the Law is to find Yourself and your joy. "Pain ceases, joy endures." Every step of the Mystic Road is a rendering of yourself back to the Law.

*2*

This morning I drew apart. I thought of you all. I knew that I must carry papers among you—that such was one of the terms of my Task—that I must live more and more unerringly, lest I mar the symmetry of my endeavor; write more and more exactly, step by step, lest I miss something of the full story of Enlightenment. I saw it all clearly for you and myself—how the world had trained our minds in subtleties and partisanships, in excuses and lies and evasions, binding us deeper in detachment, making us forget everything but the Deep.

As a child in a tough street and competitive school, as a boy deeper in the town, as a young man giving himself to the concentrated essence of the American Lie in one newspaper office after another; afield helping the World Lie work out in war and the loot of the lesser peoples; then complete involvement in the Fiction-Field: such was my training in the mind and the world; all to be undone, reversed, but the knowledge used. Away back before Midstream, I began seriously to quit lying to others; after that, a longer,

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more complicated task in eradicating the lie to self. Fold on fold of that, to be renovated; sheath on sheath of that, to be sloughed.

There was no halt or going back now. With every transgression of the world-trained mind, the little Torch within receded, and that was intolerable pain. With every true conquest the Light arose—but only to uncover more twisted patterns and false weaves. It was only recently that I had to break down all the training of the fiction world. Fiction isn't fact, but neither is it false to life. It isn't fact, but it must be *veritable*. So I saw that I must come in from the astral drift—the vast psychological dimensions of the arts and the cults, from which all the little workmen of the world draw to their mind's content for a time the pseudo-inspiration of the Hall of Illusion and call it poetry and music and painting and religion. Truly, "a serpent coiled under every leaf."

I saw that I must put away the astral stuff and all its calling cloudlands and tinted wildernesses; that the Real Workman was not there, but fixed above and beyond that; fixed and aligned like the axis of this planet to one certain star—that the rest swung by and around. I saw that my mind was like this earth and the Doer like Polaris; that I must forget the great astral drift and make the mind pole-true, to become one with Him down here where the Task begins; that He was Myself. I must make straight the paths of the mind; I must become mind-erect first, if only a foot and one-half tall.

And this so far as I know ends the cleansing of the Ægean stables; this is the end of the Lie. Well begun

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upon this last, I found it to be one more office of the Mystic Road; that others had gone this way and found it good; that Balzac meant this when he wrote—"To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws . . . that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled in the world of praise."

Each time I got straight for an instant, the Doer worked with me; each time He worked with me, I touched the Task; I had something for you, something that everyone liked, everyone understood. Each time the Doer used my mind, I was joyous, elate, empowered. My voice reached you, and your voices rang back with revealing comradeship and everything came my way—money, magazines, friends, health, loyalty, devotion, Teaching—every hour ignited and out of the common—all this last within the recent months of our Letters together. But this was just a period before more stirring ordeals.

Of course, you never really give up anything good. That which is good is good in all its ramifications. Step by step I found that I could not see or deal, as an artist, with street or town, field or the world, until I was above them; that I could not deal with others clearly when I lied to them; that I could not express the Real Workman when I lied to myself; that my fiction was full of flaws, until I made it *veritable;* that my life was full of pain, until I made straight the paths of the mind. Finally, and know this well: it was not until my mind was keyed to its pole, that the great astral system began to swing into order and rhythm; that which

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had been drift became constellated for my eyes, and at last I breathed its serenity deep within the heart.

## 3

Those who are actually convinced that man and woman do not take the Mystic Road together will scarcely be in accord with the progress of this work. Those who believe that in a series of incarnations, an entity is exploited sometimes as a man and sometimes as a woman, will not find adjustment easy. Those who do not perceive that the war of the sexes is a more fundamental rift even, than its myriad ghastly expressions on the physical plane would indicate; and that the war must end, before this humanity as a whole can even approach release from its confusions—such will be slow to see the mystical importance of Romance.

First, the inter-attraction of man and woman calls forth the highest potency of love in this Place; therefore it involves the strongest energy we have to work with for spiritual unfoldment. The real romance of man and woman, is not entered upon until organic desire is mastered. The beautiful possibilities of generation, not to mention the next step of regeneration, are not dreamed of in a mind which is at the mercy of organic passion. Since one cannot know the full power of his passion until the love nature is awakened, he cannot enter the ordeals of conquest alone. It would follow that two who love and fulfil the Law are therefore involved in the highest possibilities of mystical attainment, and that they form a center of radiant regenerative force in the world.

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But already you are in the preparatory ordeals of this great mystic privilege of taking the Road Together. You must not be caught in a three-score and ten limitation of mind, if you would get the full concept. Not one in a million so far consciously has found his own here, but you cannot reach the High Road by abandoning your present conditions to the hurt of any human soul. So much for a hint of the Teaching. . . . In your forming dreams of Liberation, remember the fundamental Harmonic Law that no good develops out of evil. There is no more important ethical decree under this Law than this: If an action will work injury to anyone, don't do it, no matter what the apparent good is to another. . . .

So now if you yearn for ordeals, you are in the midst of them. If you have love within the law, render it to the Law. If your love is without the lesser law, be glad for the glimpse. Use its force and beauty to make a song of your bondage and a preparation for the higher mystical privilege. Remember that real lovers dare to wait.

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## THIRTEENTH LETTER*†

WOMAN is on the inner curve of things; man's sphere is the outer circle. In is easier for woman to make spiritual progress, because of her subtler nature. She is first to answer the call of the finer vibration. For ages a few advanced men have tried to travel the path to the Soul without crossing her orbit, as impossible a thing to do as for the planet earth to coalesce with the sun without crossing the path of Venus. These masculines, finding that woman held the inner sphere, have tried to veil their faces from her as they passed inward, or tried to hurry through, while she was occupied on the other side of the Light. They have, or shall come back to try again.

For ages man has had the run of this Place. He has sought to bring all government, all worship, all magic, all romance to the surface. Contemplate for a moment his works upon the crust of the earth. . . . Nothing that he has done is so utterly out, so far-reaching in ruin, as the manhandling of Romance.

A large proportion of women have surrendered their birth-right and have become man-made creatures. They have compromised so often under stress, lost the use of their own initiatives so many times, that even their inner revolt seems stilled into something dangerously like death. And their plight now, after all compromise and surrender, is that men do not hold to them; that men find the hearts and ways of such women uninteresting and artificial at length, and look over their

*Called the "Letter on Man-handled Romance."
†The Twelfth Letter is not printed in this book.



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shoulders, staring into some inner darkness for something—somewhere—that ought to be there.

Other women down the long gray days of decadence have gone far in hatred. There is hatred in the hearts of all great women, put there by the cruelty and obliquity of man's prolonged desecration of sacred feminine things—put there by the thong and the brand, the shutter and the veil, the broken foot, the blackened mouth, the sealed pelvis and the stunted mind. These are little things. Women can forget such as these, but man has done worse.

He has broken down motherhood and all but dissipated its dream. Look into the faces of the passing throng and contemplate the race we belong to. If there is anything your eyes have missed in the way of violated body or disrupted mind, wait a moment longer and it will pass in the crowd. But man has done one thing still worse than this. From top to bottom, from High Himalaya to New England, from Europe to the Near East, Old Testament and New, soldier and tradesman, layman and priest—he has committed the blasphemy that man has the monopoly of Soul.

. . . I have been a man all this time. I have been on the job most of the way down. I am not here to arraign men. The point of this brief reminder of certain facts about man's management of this Place, is that he has failed, and that his long-enduring supremacy is being taken away. No one with physical vision left, can deny that woman is now coming into her inevitable restoration to power. If it proves her will to retaliate, to treat man as he has treated her, this planet during the next few thousand years is not going to be

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a pleasant place for us. If there is no mitigation of the Law that hate comes back to the hater, that cruelty kicks back to the ignorant, and oppression reverts to the inquisitor—the ways of the masculines are as black ahead, as for the drones of the hive in the slaughter-season.

Up to this time only a proportionate few women have realized the hatred in their hearts—reservoirs of hatred sealed on the way down, to be opened again on the way out. No man who has come up even through the emotional areas of romance, has failed to blunder somewhat among these vaults. An evolved woman, even when her human emotions are touched, is weary of man when he becomes a mere male. Often she is startled at the power of her venom, when the veil of glamour is thrust aside, and he whom she has dreamed of as a lover, loses himself in the ancient lures of the earth.

It is not that she denies, even now, the joy of these attractions. The torrents of her hatred are loosed, because she perceives that these are *all* he knows. Back of the hatred is the spiritual grief of her heart and the whisper throughout her being that this man whom she dreamed of as a lover, is merely one like the others. And by the others, she does not mean the adventures of one girlhood, but the tragedies of the ages. Mostly she keeps this hatred to herself. Well she has learned to do that.

It would be simple for a man coming into these realizations to change his allegiance to the feminine side of the field. But that would still be partisanship. The new mysticism deals with the whole, not the part. All

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parts are scaffoldings to drop away; molds in which the forms are set. We live in the molds, until the awakening spiritual nature begins to chafe against their restriction; then plunge into slightly freer forms, until at last we have ceased to need their rigid bindings.

Through innumerable tentative laws, we emerge at last into the freedom of the Law. Any cast becomes a burden then; any cult, a morgue. We are free from them, when we no longer have need of their preliminary trainings, exactly as we become free from the national consciousness, when we begin to think of the planet as the working unit in all concerns; just as we are free from the molecular body, as soon as we have refined our cells to the point that they no longer answer the gravitation of the earth. All classes of society and cults of religion are man-made.

The new mysticism does not call for partisan allegiance. Man and woman, like the masses and the martyrs arraigned against the masses, are parts of the same fabric—two entities who make up one identity. One cannot help to heal the causes of world-war by fighting for one nation; one cannot help to end a still greater war of the sexes—by changing sides. So it is, that while realizing woman's spiritual grievance and her intolerable tortures, the modern mystic is still for men equally, because man is part of the same thing as a woman.

It is a marvel thing between men and women, that their points of view are so different. Ultimately, the Whole shall be seen between them on this account, but here and now it makes for misunderstanding. If you, as women, had taken the outer sphere of things, you

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would have been like men. You were forced to use your head while he was using his hands. You of the subtler nature, hemmed and harried by his suspicious, possessive control, had nothing but the mysteries to play with, while he was out toiling among materials. You are entering the realm of the intuitional, while he is in the deeper toils of the intellectual. You are crossing the psychological now, while he is toiled in the zones of temperament.

He has not listened to you. Men have been atrociously taught; they have taught one another. Especially have they repeated to one another that you were not reliable, not responsible. Denying you Soul, how could they look to you for truth? The little things you tried to say from the inner regions of the Spirit, they were able to confute to their entire satisfaction, with the narrow but better ordered brains, they evolved through matching heavy materials. You had no gift in expression, because your mind-power, through which your revelations had to pass, had been stunted and maimed by every domestic and social and religious artifice. Meanwhile men continued so to be lost in one another's arguments and decisions on all affairs, that they did not even see that the men-children you bore, were becoming disrupted because they had stunted and maimed you.

And still you are the way to the Way, because you hold the Ring Pass Not—the inner orbit. A few men know this already and are hungering for Home—not to pass you on their way to the Light as before—but Together to the Light. In this, the few men at last share the dream of great women. Because women were

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nearer the Light, they were first to know that they could not go to it alone. Because they were nearer the Light, they were first to learn the efficacy of the Love-thing as a force; that it alone casts out fear and hatred and fulfills the Law.

Because awakened women are learning the use of this incomparable force, a force as scientific as the push and pull of the planets, they are not minded, even in these pioneer days of their supremacy, to retaliate blow for blow, hate for hate, bond for bond. From man's material standpoint, retaliation would be equitable, but as usual, the women have a standpoint of their own—theirs of the Spirit. Nearer the Light they perceived, long before the first occultists tried to avoid them on the way in, that they, as women, were incomplete; that it was useless for them to try to return to the Light without bringing in with them the masters of the outer sphere. From their present vantage, the great women of the world wait and watch for the return of their own.

This is an age of stern and rapid tests for all. Man is learning swiftly in the midst of the crash and crumble of his own institutions. He is learning that labor and capital, like night and day, are but opposite phases of the same thing. By the same token shall he learn, as the great Yearning closes upon him, that he can no more become productive in the arts, alone, nor in the spiritual activities of regeneraton, than he can bring forth a child of his solitary initiatve.

In romantic association, man shall find, one by one, the old avenues of approach closed to him now; he shall find that he strikes at the roots of his own vitality when he hurts the feminine; that he darkens the half

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of his being when he puts her from him; that the very currents of the earth rise up to slay him when he tries, as of old, to take her by force. To his astonishment it appears that his *mere* passion invariably draws upon him the reservoirs of her ancient hatreds. At last, in desperation, he realizes that she possesses and can use a mightier magic of attraction than passion; that it drives and draws, whips and inspires, involves and maddens him, step by step, until it forces him into a full conquest of himself.

It may seem impossible, as you regard him now across the table, but when he really begins to try, it will be easier for you to stay by and help. When you see how hard the way is for him, with his vast material garnerings; (which are for you, too, as all your magic-making of the lonely years is for him;) when you see how mercilessly he has hurt himself, trying to play the game of life out there where the light is vague and treacherously refracted, it will become impossible, one by one, for awakened women to remember revenge—all that presently put away in the rising song of deliverence. And when each woman perceives how the outpouring of her heart, in this new and mighty magic, flames upon him—searing and withering the old in its intense power; when she sees, in working activity, that to answer love for hatred is the keenest and most poignant retaliation—she will cry aloud to Heaven long before he is healed, that her ancient enemy has suffered enough.

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## FOURTEENTH LETTER*

### *1*

MANY of us have been taught to affirm that there is no evil, and we have done so while the taint of the breath of our bodies gave us back the lie. Affirming that all is good against organic proof of an ulcerated tooth, may help the tooth, but it leaves us softer-mouthed and less able to cope with things as they are on this plane. If you can demonstrate here on the ground that fear is a sham, which it is, and with your spiritual power transcend it, and stand unmoved in the calm of the Heights, you have earned the right to say that this evil is illusion, but still you will see its force working on in the midst of the many in the torture chambers below.

If you can summon your own higher force and so charge your molecular body that it levitates; (incidentally this has to do with the lost secret, about due to be recovered, which will make the world safe for ships of the air); then you may talk with authority about escape from the pull of the ground, but you will still perceive the old attraction bending the spines of the myriads.

Through affirmation to shut your mental windows to the storms of planetary life, while your whole house rocks and disintegrates, is not only going against the truth, as it works in the detached points of view of the mind, but it is adding a crook to the mind itself—a crook which later must be straightened out through mystical offices of pain.

*Called the Letter on Human Inter-relations.



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The knowledge of good and evil is the reward we gain by making this passage Down Here, but to blind ourselves to one or the other, while the pairs of opposites still have power over us, is to break discrimination, the use of which is a preparation for Knowledge. The man who writes stories makes most of the mistakes possible in his years of preparation. Through these, as well as his less wobbling efforts, the laws of the game unfold for him. His final product, if it be good, is a sort of balance of how and how not to do it. How far would he get by denying that he could make mistakes?

Reaching the consummation of his art, he sees that he could not afford to have missed a single one of his botches. . . . Evil is as good as another word for this stubborn and binding and clinging hold upon us of materials, through which we are forced to grow wings for liberation. We must learn these toils one by one to escape their thrall. It is true that we regain certain powers through them, but they are evil to us just so long as we are victims of them.

. . . In these paragraphs, most naively, I have intimated only the physical and obvious downpulls: nothing of the gray brothers of the shadow who test and torture us in the emotional areas of the passage, nor the winged blacks who winnow, purge and screen, with subtlety upon subtlety, until the last malignity of our mind-power is isolated, conquered and rendered into allegiance with the Spirit. Evil is a young and trivial term for the tests back of the physical—until we are fine and superb enough to pass. . . . Don't lull yourself with affirmations until you can look back.

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*2*

. . . A man wins a woman by setting her free. A man who can do this without reservation is worth tying to, because he can do all else. I do not say this lightly, because I know something about the masculine attitude toward worldly achievement, and about man's call to material conquest, breast to breast with other men, and beyond. Moreover it is the farthest possible saying from a sentimentalism.

Mentally and physically to set a woman free means to overcome passion, jealousy and the sense of possession. It means to travel fast on every plane, because a freed woman unfolds incredibly. She asks more of man from day to day, but always more for his good. The tests involve his every world relationship, as well as her relation to him. As they go on and up together, the balances become so delicate that everything amiss outside is a barrier between them. She is sometimes the last to praise and first to blame; invariably the first to warn.

Spiritually a woman is separate from a man, so long as he dominates her mind and body. She is separate—that is his agony. All the strength of his arms and authorities of his mind and the laws of his world will not make her his. She has not her real Self to give until she is her own. Spiritually she can never come to him until he sets her free. Not until then does real Romance begin.

Winning and holding the heart of a great woman, is man's bravest achievement here, because it involves all the other ordeals of the Mystic Road, far different and more difficult than the austerities of monastic life. It

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involves the thorough conquest, even the forgetfulness of the self; and this in the midst of all the torturing conflicting vibrations of world association. It means to keep sweet, without killing out; to render every production fertile; to find a test of character in every outer tension, and a spiritual grace in every intimate unfoldment of Romance. . . . To be lost utterly in each other, even for mates essentially, is but a preliminary to the great love story. Rather the neighbors may entertain a suspicion that two are joyously becoming one in the higher sense, when they are found often back to back, forming a center of spiritual radiation in the world.

*3*

As a man gets the various grades of hell out of his own system, everybody else looks better to him. This means not only throwing out his fears and passions and angers and cupidities of the temperamental realm, but the opinions and partisanships and bigotries of the mind. The mind has been trained by all these and the training is necessary, before the selfless flexibility of the Mystic is accomplished, by which he sees the fleeting intimations of the Real in the external universe and receives the ultimate admonitions from within. A man merely thinks before that; afterward he begins to express the Knower.

*4*

A teacher or a cult leader who tells you that you cannot take up some course of study or devotion outside, because it conflicts with the work you are taking with him, is sounding the death-knell to his own doctrines.

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The real Teacher will set you utterly free; real Teaching is indivisible.

*5*

Every human relation is sacred—an extension of the self. Your relations with those about you form a picture of your inner life. All whom you cast away is a casting away of yourself; all whom you deny is a denial of yourself. The one whom you dare call an enemy is a sick and sealed part of your own being. If you are afraid of anyone—it is the unmanageable of yourself. If you are not at your best with certain people in the room, it is because you are not in command of your own inter-relations.

All that I have been writing has been of different phases of self-command. All that has to do with the Mystic Road is a teaching of the command of self—the ordering of one's room, one's shop, his house, appetites, tastes, his nervous system, his family, business relations, emotions, his mind, his world. These are all one, all you. They commend or betray you. There are no secrets.

A glimpse of the Plan reveals that every outer condition is an externalization of one's own being. If anyone can bring you hurt of any kind, he brings you a gift, an incomparable and perfectly-adjusted opportunity. He isolates one of your weaknesses, so that you can correct it. In the infinite generosity of the Plan, he, or a similar agent, will come again and again, until his offering ceases to hurt you. The tough matters to contend with in house and town and social affairs are perfect diagrams of the contrary elements of your own life.

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The way to liberation is a making straight of every path. If you are true, and in ardent determination to make everything straight Here, *this time,* the man to whom you owe debt or obligation cannot die until your chance has come. Every debt paid and amity restored is a release of your own powers. It does not matter what another thinks at the time, if you are straight. The thing is already done within him when you are right. He will bring the rightness of it down to matter presently. As the concord of your own being is restored step by step, the magic of all outer beings and things appears. You see the Immortal back of the mortal, each significant and inimitable—the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, your relation to each ancient and endless—never less than now.

All you need is a greater faith and joy in the Plan; to become convinced of its greatness and fascination and magnitude beyond any comprehension of your mind or finite grasp; to see the inner and outer working unerringly together in tests, in travels, in the passing show of the world, in its every relation to you and to everyone else—infinitely different movements and vibrations of one working force, called Law. . . .

We have been at the mercy of our own detached and disrupted mind-powers too long, trying to paint heaven with the dim pigments of an earthy spectrum, trying to span the heavenly universe according to our own minute and imperfect orbits. Why, we cannot restore the initiative and rationale of our own mind-power until we key it back once more to its own dynamo, the Basic Nature.

Do not be afraid that a thing can be too good to be

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true. Can you not see how tragically we have lost the capacity to endure joy, to conceive harmonic beauty—when we dare to call this torture chamber, Home? The truth is that in our most exalted moments—in our bravest song, most lustrous faith and noblest vision, we pitifully diminish the Real. . . . That which you adore unfolds for you. You may safely give your adoration to the Plan, your allegiance step by step and day by day increasingly to the Law.

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## FIFTEENTH LETTER*

### *1*

WE are all teachers of one another, but only an Avatar can Teach in the real sense. We dwell in chaos here and our outer vehicles are formed of chaos. Only one who comes in Open Consciousness from an Orderly Place can bring us Veritable Teaching. We can only keep our earthly timepieces reasonably true by adjusting them repeatedly to Sidereal Time.

The wisest men in this place—the men whom we call Masters, and who are such, compared to us—yearn for Real Teaching as much more than we do, as their powers are greater than ours. The more a man knows the more he can receive; the more nearly ordered his own being, the more nearly can he approach Verity.

Thousands of ages hence when this humanity has really reached Open Country, there will not be anything like the amount of talk about God. We are still in the incubation-stage as a human family, and distances are short in the shell. It is long after we emerge as chicks that we begin to realize the vastness outside of our own coops and yards, and before we even dimly discern the Fancier Himself; long after that, very long, before it dawns upon us that the Fancier has also a Lord.

That which we eat today is poison to our bodies tomorrow. Mental convictions by which we have

*Called the Letter of Definitions.



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helped to order ourselves up the ages have been discarded one by one for ampler and sounder theses; every class or cult which has sustained us for a time, has become a vise when we remained too long. The Basic Nature is restored and stabilized by the ever-growing, ever-changing, ever-refining activities of the mind. It is just as fatal for the mind to become fixedly established in the sense of its own opinions and convictions, as for the body to try to endure upon its own poisons.

The mind that is strong, flexible, swift to change and excellent in discrimination is the only mate possible to associate with, from the standpoint of the Soul; for the Soul can only awaken and bring up the wonders of the Great Deep, as the mind becomes progressively eager and tolerant and spacious to enfold. As the mind is dependent for health and power upon the balance of assimilation and elimination in the body—so the functions of the inner growth can only be held in equilibrium, when the mind is as selflessly swift to cast off the old as to take on the new.

*2*

I am humbled when you turn to me as a teacher, but I am not that. I carry papers among you as we go. I am making the grade with you. We talk by the Road. Months ago, I wrote to you that I would let you know if I ever became a Teacher. That would mean that my surface consciousness had opened to receive the Law and the Order direct. What I receive from a Teacher here does not make me a Teacher, but merely an interpreter.

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*3*

Remember that in the Soul alone is the Knower. Remember that the mind thinks, but the Soul Knows. All our Letter work together on Coördination is to render the mind which thinks, back to the Soul which Knows. We cast away for the time the whole firmament of astral drift in order to concentrate, each upon his one star which does not change—his Polaris.

Remember that the Soul is the Real You. As you become the Knower, you become inimitable and superb; you begin at once to express your Task; in time you shall learn your own Name. As you become the Knower you perceive the reality of other men; you put away the hurts, the heats, the hates of them; you dwell with their ancient beauty and endless reality.

Remember that to Know, you must dare—dare to cast off the old, dare to take on the new. As you become the Knower, you become a Darer indeed, the Doer. As you become the Knower, you dwell within the Law. Who would not dare within the Law?

*4*

I have always loved words, yet I am only beginning to use them with discrimination. The word Soul, is everywhere and incessantly used in vague confusion with the word Spirit. The time has come for us, at least, to work more intelligently.

The following paragraphs of definition from The Teacher are an insert here from the Thirty-fourth Letter:

Soul is Basic Nature; in its entirety at one with all Harmony; able to fail and able to suffer, but not able to sin. The Soul is a composite containing many ele-

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ments; Spirit is one of them. The nature of Spirit is loveliness; its supreme function is loving; it is the Lover.

Souls are not awakened yet in this Gulf of Hell. The recreative work has wrought; so that many Souls show the attributes of life, but not conscious life,—dimly suffering like one in fever.

In the Soul's subconsciousness, certain elements are groping in degrees of sentiency: There is the Knower, which in objective expression we call Wisdom; which, when coördinated with the basic attribute of Volition, we call Power. Truly speaking, Volition is the supreme power of dominion in and of the Basic Nature.

Volition is not will. Will is an intentional force, vested in the mind, irresponsible and entirely erratic. Volition, the supreme power of dominion of the Basic Nature, never works except with the Knower. It will not generate one vibration in opposition to Harmonic Law. The mind thinks, the mind wants; the Basic Nature Knows and Volition Does.

Volition, therefore, may be called the Doer.

There is no sentiency of Soul, then, except as it glimmers through, from the subconscious Lover, from the subconscious Knower, from the subconscious Doer. The *only* Subconsciousness is the great Basic Nature called the Soul.

The Soul, or Basic Nature, (including the Lover, the Knower and the Doer) is called Subconsciousness, because it is not coördinated with our objective consciousness, because it only glimmers through. Effort and devotion on our part is necessary to the Recrea-

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tive Work, in order to restore us to awakening, to potency.

People are said to be psychic and they talk of psychology. The word names another realm which lies between mind and Spirit.* The mind beats up against the Spirit; Spirit breathes down into the mind. What comes through into the objective consciousness is called Feeling. . . . There is another realm between the mind and the body, called Temperament. It is not within the nature of Being, but is a dimension in which the body vibrates up against the mind and the mind down against the body. Its expression is feelings.

The mind is the thinker, not the Knower. The mind is not of the Basic Nature, but a power added to it to facilitate its expression. The supreme function of the mind is Reason. The crown of reason is Discrimination. The brain is the mind's organic instrument. Mind registers on brain, but is all through the body.

To one who has studied with sincerity, the above paragraphs are pure gold. To many, they will mean nothing more than an addition to the complications of terminology. Here and there, however, there will be one whose Basic Nature will answer such utterances, answer to the point even that the mind will feel a stir and the heart of flesh, a surge. These are the meanings of words which gradually will unfold and take precedence in coming days—Body, Temperament, Mind, the Psychic Realm; the Basic Nature or Soul, and three, at least, of Its elements, the ones having to do with Knowing, Loving and Doing.

*I have spoken of this as the realm of the astral drift.

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Now while the Soul is Basic Nature, including the Knower and the Lover and the Doer (and many other attributes and faculties and powers), the Spirit is essential Loveliness. The Spirit then is the Lover. I do not speak of it as something for you to love. You would not love yourself. The Spirit is your Lover, in the sense of being your dynamo for loving, as the Knower and Doer are dynamos of wisdom and action. The Doer is Volition.

But how is it that one can turn in meditation, yearningly, gropingly toward one's own Spirit, one's own Love Nature? Because it is Subconsciousness. Faint glimmers only, and in the highest moments of the few, make their way down into objective consciousness. We yearn toward our own Love Nature, because we are cut off from using it and *feeling-with* it on this plane,—no other reason possible. Imprisoned in our outer mind consciousness, we are cut off from our essential potentialities of Knowing and Loving and Doing.

In the present human predicament, some of us follow knowledge as the way out; others follow love; others the way of action; but these three rays merge into one at the top. The way to the Way for our particular wing of workers, is the way of loving. For this incarnation, at least, I know no other than the Mystic Road, the Road of Lovers. Of the three exposed caskets of the Soul, we have chosen the one of Love. Through love we strive for the integration of Being again; through love we seek to coördinate mind and Soul. We have given ourselves with such concentration to this one end, that for a time we have not even appeared to see the other exposed caskets of the Soul,

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named Wisdom and Action. Through love we have labored, and LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

*5*

I have hesitated long to put down definitions, though agreement on premises and on terms used is supposed to be the first step before telling anything. Since the beginning of our Letters, I have been coming into a fairer use of these terms, and many of you have been following with closer and closer attention, the precision of the use of these words. For such, this Letter should be a manual. It will become one for those who wish the best that I bring. I have never encouraged the taxing of brain memory. This is badly overdone in modern education to the point of completely cutting off the memory of the Long Road. If you cover a pail of water with a coating of sawdust, you will not be able to see into the depths. Still I have not been able, so far, in my most inspired moments to overcome the need of memorizing the multiplication table—for instance. If you can bring yourself to accept these terms, to con and repeat them, to invite your Soul with them, you will find them unfolding presently in a way which satisfies far more than the mind, and makes straight your paths.

Moreover, you will find that every hour spent with these terms, toward the end of using them ultimately, with sincerity, accuracy, in spirit as well as letter, will marvelously facilitate your efforts in meditation. When we know there is a force back of us, infinitely stronger than the mind-will; a force which, in working with us even from afar off, changes our days miraculously; I say, when we *know* it in the objective, it

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becomes far easier for this force, which is Volition, the Doer, to flash with its invincible drive down into the mind.

When we realize that thinking a thing does not make it so; that even the supreme function of the mind, which is reason, involves a process useless in Knowledge, *since when one Knows, one does not need to reason;* when we realize that this pristine Knower is part of the Self, open to us if we pay the price in outer obedience; that we may have this Knowledge without variance or shadow of turning, even for our use in world affairs, if we succeed in rendering the mind back in allegiance to it—then the impulses and incentives toward meditation become swifter and more keen.

When we realize that the Spiritual Nature, is not all; that this Lover is like a glorious Playmate we have learned to look for in an Enchanted Garden, but back of Him are Two Others, differently glorious, the Knower and the Doer—and Celestial Moving Shadows to merge with farther on—our infinitely good purpose toward coördination becomes the breath of body and the joy of heart.

*6*

The materially-minded man at his best uses only the experiences of his present adventure—the sum of his years—the things he studies, hears, reads, sees, remembers since he was a boy. He has little or no psychic *feeling* to fertilize his thoughts; all the *feelings* he knows are organic. He is a mere male, and cannot produce of himself. In the sphere of generation he plays his part; but mentally he is impotent, except to copy and analyze and multiply by mechanical means.

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The emerging of the male mind from this imprisonment is seen in the artist. He has begun to use the massed experiences of the Long Road. For the artist the threescore and ten is no longer an abrupt cut-off at beginning and end. As he progresses, his products begin to stir with strange life, because his thoughts have been fertilized by *feeling*. Out of the great Drift of his being, he has begun to draw the emotional energies. Men multiply and add to and beat thin his products. So long as his scale of weights and measures are held true to the material world, he can color and ornament and render sumptuous his products; but more and more, as he opens the vents of the psychological realm, he is swept out of the ken of the many, who hear him shouting afar in clouds of his own tinting. They might have followed him up through the clouds, but they will not answer now with the veils between.

And they are as right as he, for the artist has been carried out of his material hard-headedness. He has entered the Astral Drift, and his mind is not yet powerful enough to pilot all the way. Polaris is often obscured. The mind screams that it is right, but only those who are drifting with him find him sane.

Before the Christ came into His labors, the Forerunner appeared crying unto men to make straight their paths. . . . Before mind can interpret the Great Drift, and bring forth its treasures with unvarying order and unerring poise Down Here, its own paths must be made straight. The lie must be cast out, and all the subtleties, all partisanships and self-taints and ambitions. The mind must become true, pole-true; must key itself to its one star that does not change.

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## SIXTEENTH LETTER*

CONSIDER that we must have centers to receive powers; that we are connected with larger dimensions of life only as we quicken the centers within which answer to the new vibrations.

. . . There is a system of interurban railways here in the mountain and shore country which is in many ways admirable, something of a New Race pattern working out. In some canyon stillness, or at the edge of a sea town, or back among the ranch lands, one finds the power stations—soft purring dynamos, as you approach. These low brick buildings, stone-floored, solidly-founded and gracefully vined are noticed attentively by few. The whirring of wheels is a mere matter of silence to the many; the steadiness of the production of power effaces itself like a spiritual source, from eyes accustomed only to noise and show and shine.

As days follow days of travel on the Road, the great patience comes. At first, one is very anxious to get somewhere, and his untrained endurance is stimulated from time to time by intimations of an approach to another power-house along the road. He examines himself daily for travel stains and listens at evening for the whir of wings that will bring the fulfillment of the heart—even the Comrade perfect.

Luckily we are not abandoned for being so short-sighted. The outpost Christian who talks with a personal God in terms of desirous petition, is not abandoned. He shall come to see how the Working Forces

*Called the Power House Letter.



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are let down through innumerable artifices of reduction, as the main current from the power-house is reduced point by point until it flows modestly into our desk-lamp or tea-kettle. By infinite and marvelous artifices the Forces of Recreation are lowered, that we may find their magic in the grass, in the roll of hills and clouds, in the beneficence of still waters and the fragrance of flowing winds.

It is by the awakening of the centers in our own being that the nearest Teacher may appear. Only the touch of his hand at first; yet his earliest Teaching is of infinite glories beyond—glories which shall be opened to us, as the beauty of the flower and the star and the mate and the master are opened, by the unfoldment of the Self. . . . Circuit by circuit, we turn on the lights within to endure the increase of Light from without. As we ascend the grand Highway, power-house after power-house is found upon the Road, and each has its answering ganglion within ourselves. The quickening of these centers within is our awakening to the broader beauty of the Plan.

. . . As days follow days of travel upon the Road, the great patience comes. It is as vulgar to be at the mercy of sensuous desire for spiritual union, as to be the prey of ourselves in the seizure of food or possessions. Still it is a gathering of energy, though by the very form of our desire, we are withheld from attainment, until it is balanced and beautified by loving-kindness to others. By its very nature, as all life below shows, the desire of the personal encounters resistance of its kind. "Know now and forever that in the calm of the Soul

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lies real knowledge, and from the divine tranquillity of the heart comes power."

Travel-stains are forgotten in the great cleansings of the night; and faith, always the structure stuff for bridging the planes, comes in good time; faith to know that the Master will appear when the disciple is ready. Each day we adore more heroically, and by our adoration, the Plan unfolds; each day in the splendor of the Plan, we perceive that the centers within are built thought by thought, as the power-houses of the great electric system are built brick by brick, the dynamos installed with great labor and ingenuity, the road connected up and scheduled, division by division. As above, so below; as within, so without. . . . We know at last what Walt meant when he cried out that he did not want the constellations any nearer—that no array of terms could explain how much at peace he was about God and about death.

*2*

For those who hope for liberation, there is but one unit to work with, and that is the planet itself. There cannot be even continental partisanships for the true Democrat. To be civilized in the actual sense means to be free from the bigotries of class and caste, of race and cult. We have spent the ages becoming familiar with primitives and peasants, with barbarians and semi-civilized, and have emerged at last to perceive a globe and not a plane—a globe in the midst of a myriad sun-centers, each a center of its own reflecting globes. We have come to think not only of the races of this earth as members of one family, in different states of growth; but that all those represented in incarnation are but a

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handful of their particular humanity as a whole; also that there are myriads of humanities.

As Democrats emerging into the globe-consciousness and ignited with the dream of liberation, we shall presently perceive that to put off the needs of a physical body, is simply to put off the shell, as a chick does —that growth in the physical is but an incubation. The many who are being taught to affirm that they shall hurry back into incarnation for service, are confronting the Plan with their idea that all service is here. It is as if a child who had passed into the first grade from the kindergarten refused to go on, because there were children still behind. Moreover, freed from the body, such affirmers may find themselves self-psychologized by their affirmations; cut off by their own mind-powers from the dear care of those who would see to their forwarding. . . . Others say that they dare not smile and be happy while there is sorrow left in the world. This is a confession that their pity is sensuous rather than spiritual; that their feeling is still of passion, not compassion.

The unfoldment of the spiritual life has to do with plenty of ordeals of pain, but it is not the Soul's fault, be very sure. The pain comes from the adjustment of *feeling* and *thinking* to the Soul. Pain passes; joy endures. Compassion is not smileless; it is not lost in the present predicament; it does not waste its energies in kindred emotions with the fallen. It understands, it lifts, it sees that the whole work Down Here is a process of extrication; it realizes that its first duty, in order to help, is to gain its own freedom.

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There is help in realizing the whole earth as a working unit. The earth is like a ship. One's fellow passengers were all strangers on the first days out; the arrangement and activities of the ship itself were strange. Presently we found ourselves forming in little detachments and companies, but the rough weather and the long days of the voyage gradually revealed to us that the good of one was the good of all. . . . At the end of the voyage, the ship is to be brought singing into port—a Merry Party. This is a story of a humanity's use of a planet. Those who are emerging into the freedom of globe consciousness, are not only putting from themselves the needs of further work below decks, but they alone of the ship's company so far, are able to see what the ship and the voyage are about.

*3*

I have found it interesting to realize that the process of meditation works out under two laws that can be demonstrated. It is of course an inbreathing and an outbreathing—two movements that we have called Silence and Action. The first law is that an object to which we devote ourselves, unfolds to us; in other words, that love comes back to the lover. Thus, as we lift our minds in devotion to the Soul, the Soul unfolds to our minds. The coördination of these two is illumination. So much for the first half, the inbreathing.

The second law, also demonstrable, is that the Working Force which the Lord Christ called the Holy Spirit, comes into recreative activity within us exactly as we turn out in service toward others. This is the the outbreathing, the *action* part. The whole science of meditation, which to each is the achievement of

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union with his own Basic Nature, is involved in these two movements, each covered by a law which can be verified in life here below.

Ahead stretches the Great Highway. Everything that we have heard or thought or read about it, is less than the truth. The beauty of our inter-relations shall be never less than now.

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## SEVENTEENTH LETTER*

I KEEP saying the same thing over again—the same love-story in a hundred ways — even that love here is the way to the Way. Just to say it is redeeming work. It changes the cells of the body and the cells of the brain to tell it again and again. The mind-power works through these changed cells, and because it finds them keener and saner and sounder, its expression through them to the world is more potent, its drive more unerring; and thus the allegiance of the mind to the Spirit is hastened. You who dwell with these things are quickened; your answering thought helps me and the magic of our days is increased. New vitalities of Feeling take the place of the old destructive sensations that have answered so long to our disrupted thinking.

Mystic offices of the Road are, one after another, different ways for correcting our thoughts; ways of refining and purifying body and mind, through action and devotion, so that the natural body may be used by the spiritual. The mind-power that is turned to be plain and true to its molecular vehicles becomes swiftly and mysteriously fit to be used by the Basic Nature itself. More and more as it grows active in perfecting its body and brain, its silences of devotion to the Spirit become more one-pointed and unerring—our old story of inbreathing and outbreathing—of Silence and Action again.

We never pass the love-thing. No one has seen be-

*Called the Little Letter.



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yond it from this place; no Avatar out of the Unlimited has brought us a glimpse of a loftier means to regain the happiness of our birthrights. All love is of the Spirit. When a man's love for a woman is passional and possessive, it is merely because the force of his spiritual giving to her can only express itself mortally, the centers of his spiritual expression through the body not being awakened to carry the finer drive direct. The instrument reduces the vibration.

All love is bestowal. We bestow ourselves as we can, as we are, at the time. We externalize ourselves in those we love; and that spiritual force which is awakened within us through the outpouring, never recedes. The dimensions of Love never end. It is only when we are ready for a higher dimension that we begin to encounter pain from the action of love as it is being expressed in us. The world has not yet learned anything like the real beauty of the passional and possessive love—nor touched the power of it. That which some of us are yearning for now—the awakening of our powers for Spiritual Romance, the compassion that contains a humanity, the magic that touches to life the fountains of healing in our breasts, the vision that globes the earth in understanding and begins to look intelligently across the inter-stellar space—these are but the first throbs of the Spiritual Being as it quickens within the natural body.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

## EIGHTEENTH LETTER*

*1*

I HAVE known materially-minded men, valiantly struggling with things here below, who hate the mention of romance; and weary women who have been hurt so hard that they shudder at the thought of their daughters marrying any man alive. But weariness and material-mindedness are merely travel-stains of certain stages of the Road; hatred is invariably a sign of unfinished work. The man who is through with an ordeal doesn't hate its processes. He does, however, while he is still in reaction from failure, and while he is still being pressed by his Spirit against the will of his mind to take up a hard part still undone. The ordeal and its processes are seen for the first time impersonally by the man who has conquered; and the ordeal's Long Road relation to himself and to all men is for the first time established.

The world has not learned even the power of glamour, much less the Love that casts out fear and fulfills the law. Glamour goes with the love of one's self in another and invariably is subject to the pain of correction. Glamour is but an extension of the petty self. It is of the mind. A man is finished with glamour when he adores that which is not himself; and then only can he bestow that Love which sets his beloved free.

Here is a mystery: The man really learning what love means becomes a strange, brooding creature in himself. In the sheltering power of him, in the warmth

*Called the Letter of the Warrior.



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of his tenderness and impersonality, in the outraying of his conquered, or rather spiritualized desires, the Spirit of the woman he loves unfolds into matter literally before his eyes—the joy and magic of it, an ineffable performance for him. Meanwhile she opens his gate to inner spheres. It may not always be so, but the hearts of certain women, at least, seem merely to be marking time until the lover appears to set them free—the one through whom they really can be born and manifest on this plane, bringing in return to him beauty and revelation from the inner curve which is their true place.

The world sits back tight against its hearth and laughs at the love affairs of those whom it has called its great men. In its *naivete,* the world has not yet put two and two together—that the loves had something to do with the so-called "greatness" of the men they mention; even the bewildering one-after-another rush into infatuations, even the madness and abandon and early death of these tumultuous fanciers.

There is hatred in the scorn of the world for these episodes, because these episodes are still ahead for the world. The arousing of the unfinished thing in the breast of another always incurs hatred at first. In its small man-made law which it breaks secretly, the world still finds its sufficing content. But man-made laws must be broken openly for the emerging of greater laws. Chaos, yes—but that is only the eradication of disease from the system. The patient's face looks disrupted when the poison begins to come out through the pores. The poison must come out.

The shrieking of the world against the ventilation

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and rupture of things as they are, will not avail to preserve the little laws of men by which two are tied in torment to each other until one or the other is permitted to unfasten a corpse from the yoke. Chaos, yes, as these laws are broken for the emerging of greater laws, but chaos that is cleaner than the secret suppuration of things as they are.

The world has not yet drawn the simple inference that the "greatness" of such men as Byron, Poe, Shelley, Keats, Burns was the beginning of unfoldment through their minds, of the loveliness of their Basic Nature, and that this rush to find the loveliness of others was part of the same energy; the frenzied quickening to the outer quests. Power must be trained after it is awakened. These men hastened from one to another extending themselves, but finding no one to contain more than parts of them. Their glamours were swiftly broken because they were so swiftly growing out of themselves in comparison to the pace of the world. This is but an awakening process in one life that goes on with the many, without scandal, through endless incarnations. The higher, the faster. It isn't a pretty process—this spectacle of a lyric poet flinging himself to different quarters of heaven—but it is one of the paths which the world has still to tread, as it quickens spiritually; and the world will doubtless find softer conditions to unfold in than has its pioneers.

It takes a myriad romances to make Romance.

*2*

Really to Be, one cannot be the mind. If you will stop and catch yourself in the midst of pondering or cogitation, you will be shocked to find how incoherent

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and even disrupted, is the activity—criticism, resentment, sophistry. Out of this thorny ramble you may suddenly "come to yourself." But you must have some higher position of consciousness than the plane of this petty mind-activity, in order to watch it. Now in climbing a step above the mind, one does not at once become one with his Soul or Basic Nature. He finds himself in the psychological realm; between the mind and Spirit; the realm of the astral drift, sometimes called the Hall of Illusion.

The world at large has no such ensconcement. It *is* its mind—at the mercy of its petty rambles—incapable even of artistic play. The mind deals with the detached points of view of this material plane, invariably tentative and out of true with Spiritual Law. Even the points of view exactly opposite to its own are not true, because Truth is wholeness and not in the realm of the opposites and the fragmentary. Truth can only be brought for use to the material plane by one who touches its realm with his own Knower—the one star, pole-true for him, in all the astral drift.

We have discussed in several Letters this middle distance, a realm of tint and change, evanescent beauty and apparition, sumptuously attractive to the mind, and often touched with a momentary loveliness from the Light above. . . . As a boy I used to catch the little self at its petty performances from different shifting points of view. I used to speak of the point of vantage as part of myself calling it "the third eye," or "the reporter." It stood apart dramatizing all the little self's doings, even scoffing at its prayers. . . .

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*3*

I am distant from the usual place of work by the ocean, away up in the mountains where the pines and cedars begin to grow farther apart. Yet rarely have I been so close to you as now and never have I so loved this opportunity to help you with the thoughts that help me. . . . The mind must come up through the bafflements of the self and through the often dazzling illusions of the psychological realm and render itself utterly in allegiance to its Spirit. I love to say it again and again: The mind must become plain and true! It must put away all its own wants and smilingly resist the attractions of the astral drift where for a time at least "a serpent is coiled under every leaf."

Yet there is always help—always Verity to call upon. The tests are not stronger than one can bear. More and more one comes to know what it means to let the Warrior fight the battle—to fling away every care, every responsibility, every paltry anxiety of the mind, every admonition from the Job's advisers of the world, every fear, even for one's beloved or one's children, every temporal plan so carefully wrought, every material property so arduously and industriously gathered—only doing one's highest, inmost best and keeping the smile of faith, even if it be a twisted smile, even if one has to prop the corners of the mouth for a time.

The Warrior is the Doer.

For the things of the Spirit are not the things of the mind—until the twain are one. What the mind wants of itself is not what You want. What You want is as good for your neighbor as for yourself. By your fruits you may know Yourself. Your Basic Nature

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will hurt no one, not even the mind of your neighbor, though the latter will disagree with You past doubt. Yet You will not answer him in kind, because You will see him as he does not see himself, not in criticism or irritation, but in compassion. And if you have not transcended his power to wound you, cleave unto him above all men, for you need no master just now above his teaching. The fact that you consider your neighbor unjust is your weakness. You are still in worldly standards. There is no justice in the world. You are called in devotion to a higher justice. Your neighbor must also come to that in his own way and time—to your merit if he is helped toward it by your serenity.

This passage of the material mind to its union with the Soul is the Road, and those who tread the Road learn swiftly that pythons and all monsters and all terrors of the wild are but outer similitudes of the unconquered self; even that one's neighbor who can still cause pain holds an incomparable gift of teaching, for he externalizes a weakness, a part of the self still at war.

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## NINETEENTH LETTER*

JULY 16th. . . . I am wondering here in the mountains this morning, if I cannot set down a kind of resumé of what I mean by the love story in this world and beyond; why it means the Road to me; why it is the way to the Way. . . . Self-denial is not self-conquest; it is but a step to conquest, more important to one in the ordeal of it than afterward. Hatred of generation is not self-conquest; it is often, however, an energy used in the preliminary step of self-denial in these affairs. I have said that the life of the monastery cannot bring about the full spiritualization of the body and mind, so long as fear and hatred of women is a governing principle of continence; and that you cannot finally change the organic cry for the mate in a masculine heart by teaching the brain and the centers of the body that all things feminine are vile and abominable.

Certain power comes even from denial. There are men who have mastered many functions of the body, who have lived twice the years of men on this planet, who have made thought-force work with potent drive, who have developed incredible memories, and massed enormous knowledges in the cells of the brain. But these are trapeze performances; not the fertile powers of the true mystic. The old occultist carried in his blanket for fifty years dies at last; the brain with its fearful and wonderful accumulation of knowledge screams its last scream that it is running down. It is thrown into a sewer presently, so to speak, like the brain of Tallyrand which changed the face of Europe;

*Called the Love Letter.



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but the mind which drove it goes on more arrogant and intolerant and farther than ever from allegiance with its own Spirit. Only love is fertile; by his fruits you shall know the man.

One cannot run away from a temptation; it will catch him again like the hound of heaven. One cannot kill out desire without stultifying his own force—force that he will need presently to get over a ridge. Desire must be changed; temptation must be transcended. To change a desire from its plane to a higher one, is transmutation — a mystical process like the changing of water into wine. Step by step, day by day, our entire mortality must be changed into spirituality. One does not know the beauty of mortality nor the strength of desire, until this transmutation becomes the dominating process of the life. Passion is power; it is only evil because it rules the Basic Nature. You will need its full power for work in the next higher dimension. The time will come when You will rejoice in the possession of the power which possesses you now.

I have said that your Spirit is Loveliness Itself. As you awaken to Yourself, you love others. The more awakening, the more love. The more love, the more power for life here, the more beauty and fertility of production. The Real You is also your Genius. It is inimitable. Its utterance through the mind and body is the beauty of the world in art and action and romance. If it could utter, without being diminished at all by the lower vibrations of the mind which bring it through to matter—that utterance would be utterly beautiful and immortal.

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Spiritual progress is a love story all the way, because the Spirit is the Lover. Recall how we learn to love; first to love ourselves, our streets and houses, ourselves in others. Growing stronger, we love our countries and then all countries, becoming civilized, loving the world, loving others for themselves; loving that which we are not and becoming attractive for what we are.

The love of man and woman is the strongest love we have to work with here. The love of the mate is potentially the love of children; and the love of one's children is potentially the love of all children, which is the love of humanity. Woman is that which man is not. In his cruder love, man tried to make woman after his own picture; and insofar as he succeeded he spoiled his life and put her real magic into a sleep like death. In exactly so far as woman has yielded to man's picture and become the thing he wanted, she has also become a pitiful nondescript, losing first of all the love of the perverse creature she destroyed herself to please.

Love is yoga—the desire for union. In the physical love, the desire is to possess—to complete oneself by drawing another in. In the spiritual love, the desire is to bestow—to die in order to live, to have by giving away, to liberate the Self by pouring out to another. The changing of the body and mind of man from one love to another; from the love of having and holding to the love that sets the beloved free; from romance to Romance—this is the Mystic Road. When the man learns that the glory of his mate is that she is not like him, but so much which he is not; that she has no real

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gift for him until he sets her free—then light begins to form about his head.

Then he will learn that his every product—not alone his children, but his work, his meditation, his quest for Himself requires her equal part; that without her (since she must bring that which he has not to the child and the task and the quest), no product of his life is fertile. He will perceive as he grows in fatherhood, in workmanship and mysticism, that she is also unfolding miraculously before his eyes; that her Spirit breathes at last in the freedom he has given; that there is no fidelity without freedom; that her fidelity is *alive* in his heart, a Known thing, not a thought thing. When lovers, separated in mortal consciousness, are compensated by vibrations of the Essential Loveliness of each other, they have touched the Union which transcends the world, the flesh and the devil. To attain the dignity of this Romance should not be beyond the quest of lovers of to-day.

I have said that the Yearning of the awakening Spirit in man at first arouses the mind and body to tumultuous outer questing, a passage of glamour and its disruption, of torment and parturition, accentuated in one life, as it is carried on more slowly in the masses through the incarnations. The quester cries at last in his agony, that the thing he is dying for is not outside, but within. He takes himself apart then—to find Himself alone. It may be a long process, for the fruits of his past experience are many and must be assimilated, but when the hatreds are transcended and the scars cease to ache, he finds that he is still alone, and that the Essential beauty of all the fruits of his births and passions are crying out for fulfillment again.

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Man and woman went out of Eden together. They must come back together. Each must find the Self to find each other, for it is only through awakening spiritually that they can know the love that lasts. The East in times past has set its face toward the Heights; the West has gone the ways of matter. Each has gifts for the other. In the new cycle the West shall take the celestial quest and the East shall come down to earth. The spiritual quest of the West shall be as man and woman together; as the East was that of man and woman apart.

Again, the awakening of the Heart Center within and the manifestation of love outside are two parts of one process. The mate is but one who epitomizes humanity; each to the other is a miniature working model of the race. She appears without as she is conceived within. The love of the Spirit is but the inbreathing of a process which finds its outbreathing in the love of man; Silence and Action again; the growth of centers to receive powers; the inner establishment of sentiency before it can be recognized in outer manifestation.

Now, if I can give you a swift picture of how man and woman work together on the Mystic Road, I shall like this forenoon. The love between man and woman awakens the energies of generation. Love always and love alone brings forth. The beauty and holiness of the father-mother-child is not dreamed of as yet by the many on this planet; in fact, it cannot be seen except from above, after the love of the next dimension is entered upon. But suppose two lovers wish to enter this next higher dimension and lovingly and together put away the prerogatives of earthly parenthood.

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Here in the beginning is one of the fieriest of the ordeals in this place: Two in their highest organic power, not running away from temptation, but together, in the full awakening of the power of desire, changing it daily, lovingly, the primary transmutation. If they are real lovers, really of each other, they shall presently know the power of passion as it is not dreamed of by the myriad slaves of passion. Indeed, it cannot be known until it is known in love; therefore it can only be put away by lovers—no fear and hatred of reaction, but put away in love.

Why should it be put away? Because the love of generation is a dimension of its own, and entering it, one cannot dwell in another dimension. To ascend from the physical love to the spiritual love, another center must be awakened. The energy must be taken from the physical in order to awaken the spiritual. But remember that the awakening of a higher center sets free the lower *in* the Law.

The spiritual love center is in the Heart. In its awakening, there is Knowledge. Its full awakening requires other ordeals than the transmutation of the passional nature. These ordeals are brought each to the other by lovers. All the habits of mind and life in relation to the boundaries of the three-score and ten must be transcended. There is no peace in the hearts of lovers who fear the separation of the thing called death. The mind of itself cannot transcend the fear of death. The spiritual nature alone can look over the border of the mutable into the establishment of the changeless. The Love that casts out fear and fulfills the Law can only take possession of the hearts of lovers

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through the hard trainings of separation, or restraint when together, by which the Self of each is found within.

So it is that with many the ordeals of Together are but half. The two on their separate hills for a time must take the love which pours out in pain and yearning toward each other, and with its fruitfulness bring to birth the consciousness within which transcends time and space. Often the two must learn to be happy apart before they can ultimately be happy together. Indeed, in the spiritual sense it is declared that the joys of separation and together are equal, though different. Those who have experienced them have even said that there is a *dearness of presence* when the physical bodies are not worn, which cannot quite be known when the two wear flesh. The other way, without separation, is more difficult; its ordeals are accomplished by the instant and unfailing use of all the inward and outward powers of Restraint—which means much more than denial. It is a greater way, for those who are strong enough. It requires crystal-clear sincerity and uttermost devotion to vigilance.

In every step of the growth of true Romance, the tests come to keep the lovers from losing themselves in each other. Pain is instantaneous when others who care for either of them are forgotten. The rights of others, whether of mind or Spirit, whether of world standard or celestial standard, cannot be trampled upon without instantly disrupting the beautiful fertility of spiritual love. Intervention of others indicates weaknesses in themselves which are really keeping them apart. If the rights of others are patiently and ten-

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derly fulfilled, as they can only be through the beneficence of the spiritual consciousness, those weaknesses which keep the lovers from perfect expression to each other and to all others, will be made whole. Real lovers dare to wait.

And finally, real lovers are not permitted to forget that as they are the world to each other, they must live as one for the world; that their children are all children; that the desolate Orphan, Humanity, must find in them the ideal of parenthood; that as two, they form one center for the radiation of love to all; that only as they pour out in service to all does the Holy Spirit —the Worker of the Recreative Purpose—bless them. . . . Ordeals—there are many and subtle. The lovers must not only know, but live the knowledge, that Spiritual Love cannot grow while they hurt anyone by their ways of expressing it. So, they learn, as one, that they must become selfless to find the Self; and that magic joys transpire between them in their utter giving to others; these happen during the still hushes between their great outpourings, during the brief breath-spaces of their ministry as one.

This is touching the outer rim of Spiritual Joy; the Joy itself could not be endured by anyone in this Place. . . . Together and apart, the whole world is playing it in hardly perceptible action and reaction; the few with vivid haste. Together. . . . I do not say it is not hard, but it is Romance. This is the fruitful love by which all men shall know them; and the endeavor required to nourish it will strengthen them to attain the eternal safety of liberation. . . . Never less than now.

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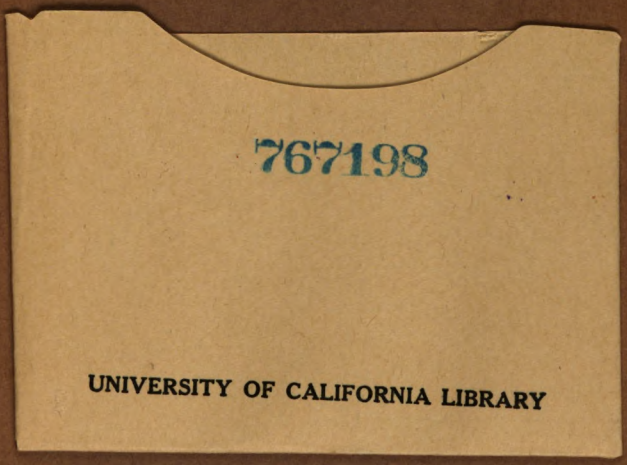
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